Westminster-Drollery.

Or a Choice

COLLECTION

Of the newest

SONGS & POEMS

BOTH AT

COURT & THEATERS.

BY A

Person of Quality.

Never before published.

LONDON:

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Weſtminſter-Drollery.

The firſt Song in the Ball at Court.

1.

I Paſs all my hours in a ſhady old Grove,
And I live not the day that I ſee not my love:
I ſurvey every walk now my *Phillis* is gone,
And ſigh when I think we were there all alone.
O then 'tis, O then I think there's no ſuch Hell,
Like loving, like loving too well.

2.

But each ſhade, and each conſcious Bower that I find,
Where I once have been happy, & ſhe has been kind,
And I ſee the print left of her ſhape in the Green,
And I imagine the pleaſure may yet come again,
O then 'tis, O then I think no joy's above
The pleaſure, the pleaſures of love.

3

While alone to my ſelf, I repeat all her charms,
She I love may be lock'd in another mans arms:
She may laugh at my cares, and ſo falſe ſhe may be,
To ſay all the kind things ſhe before ſaid to me.
O then 'tis, O then I think there's no ſuch Hell,
Like loving, like loving too well.

4.

But when I consider the truth of her heart.
Such an innocent passion, so kind without art,
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be
So full of true love, as to be jealous of me.
O then 'tis, O then I think 'tis above
The pleasure, the pleasures of love.

The second Song in the Masque at Court.

1. A Lover I am, and a Lover I'le be, (be free
And hope from my true love I shall never
Her wisdom be blam'd in the grave woman-hater,
Yet never to love, is a sign of ill nature:
But he who loves well and whose passion is strong,
Shall never be wretched, but ever be young.

2. With hopes & with fears, like a ship in the Ocean,
Our hearts are kept dancing and ever in motion,
When our passion is pallid, and our fancy wou'd fail,
A little kind quarrel supplies a fresh gale:
But when the doubt's clear'd and the jealousi's gone,
How we kiss, and embrace, and can never have done.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. HOw hard is a heart to be cur'd
That is once overwelm'd with diſpair,
'Tis a pain by force is endur'd,
Deſpiſes our pity, and ſcoffs at our fear:
But if nothing but death ſhall untie
Thoſe fetters wherewith you enſlave me,
For your ſake I am ready to try
If you are unwilling to leave me,
Then I am not unwilling to dye.

2. How much were it better complying
With the tears, the ſighs and the groans
Of a poor diſtreſt lover dying,
And liſt to the cries of his pitiful moans:
When your Slave ſhall in triumph be led
To ſee the effects of good nature,
It ſhall for your honor be ſed,
'Tis true you have kill'd a poor Creature,
Yet have rais'd him again from the dead.

3. Though your heart be as cold as the ice is,
At one time or other you'll find,
That love has a thouſand devices
To baniſh could thoughts from your ſcrupulous (mind
Thy

Thy aid mighty *Jove I* implore,
That thou to the fair one diſcover,
The joys *I* have for her in ſtore,
Which ſhe to her paſſionate Lover
Will ſay, ſhee'll be cruel no more.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. CLoria, let my paſſion ever
Be to you as *I* deſign:
Flames ſo noble, that you never
Saw the like till you knew mine.

2. Not a breath of feigned paſſion
From my lips ſhall reach your ears,
Nor this love that's now in faſhion,
Made of Modeſt ſighs and tears.

3. *In* my breaſt a room ſo fitting
For your heart *I* will prepare,
That you'll never think of quitting,
Were you once but hardned there.

4. The Rent's not great that *I* require
From your heart mine to repay,

Fortitude's

Fortitudes all I deſire
To keep your Lodging from decay.

5. Faireſt Saint then be not cruel,
Nor to love me count it ſin,
Since a ſmile from you is fewel,
For to keep this fire in.

6. When *I* am forc'd by death or age,
From your flames for to retire,
All true Lovers *I*'le ingage,
Still my paſſion to admire.

The laſt Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. A Wife *I* do hate,
For either ſhe's falſe, or ſhe's jealous;
But give me a Maid,
That nothing will ask or tell us:
She ſtands on no terms,
Nor chaffers by way of Indenture
Her love's for your farms,
But takes the kind man at a venture.

2. *If* all prove not right,
Without Act, Poceſs, or warning,
From a Wife for a night,
You may be divorc'd in the morn.

Whe e Parents are ſlaves,
Their Brats cannot be any other,
Great wits, and great Braves,
Have always a Punk to their Mother.

A Song.

1. WEre thou but half ſo wiſe as thou art fair,
Thou wouldſt not need ſuch courting,
'Twill prove a loſs you'll ne're repair,
Should you ſtill defer your ſporting:
This peeviſh ſhall I, ſhall I, you'll repent,
When your Spring is over,
Beauties after-math---no kind friends hath
To gratifie a lover.

2. Perhaps you may think tis a ſin to deal,
Till *Hymen* doth Authorize you:
Though the Gods themſelves ſweet pleaſures ſteal,
That to coyneſs thus adviſe you.
Pox upon the Link-boy and his Taper,
He kiſs, although not have you,
T'was an Eunuch wrote, all the Text that you quote,
And the Ethicks that inſlave you.

3. I

3. I am ſure you have heard of that ſprightly Dame,
That with *Mars* ſo often traded,
Had the God, but thought ſhe had been too blame,
She'd ſurely been degraded.
Nor is blind *Cupid* leſs eſteemed
For the ſly tricks of his Mother,
For men do adore, that Son of a Whore,
As much as any other.

4. 'Tis plain Antiquity doth lie,
Which made *Lucretia* squeamiſh;
For that which you call Chaſtity,
Upon her left a blemiſh,
For when her Paramour grew weak,
Her paſſion wax'd ſtronger,
For the Lecherous Drab, her ſelf did ſtab,
'Cauſe *Tarquin* ſtaid no longer.

5. Then away with this Bug-bear Vice,
You are loſt if that you fly me,
In *Elizium* (if you here are nice)
You never ſhall come nigh me:
Hell for Veſtals is a cloyſter,
I don't run doting thither,
For the Pleaſant Shades, are for her that trades,
Let's truck and go together.

A late Song by a perſon of quality.

1. ALas what ſhall I do, I have t'ken on me now
To make a Song, I vow, O wo is me:
I am commanded to't, I dare not ſtand it out,
Though I am put toth' the rout, it muſt be (foot
Thou ſhalt do't, then ſtand to't, Ile ſet my Muſe on
With a good chirping cup, (of wine,
There may ſome hidden mine, ſpring from the juice
Then take't, and drink it up.

2. Pox on't, it will not do, I muſt have t'other too,
I claim it as my due, and muſt lov't; (high
For where the Land is dry, the good husband he doth
To bring the water nigh to improv't.
Here's the uſe of the juice, open me then the ſluice,
And deny my wit in grain,
That ſcull's ne're empty, that takes it in plenty,
Its the onely ſpring of the brain.

3. Madam now you may ſee, what obedience is in me,
I have done what may be to obey, (to boot,
I have ſet my Muſe on foot, with the ſprightly grape
Your commands made me do't, they muſt ſway:
If my pate ſoon or late, ſhall bring forth ſome conceit,
To you my wit I owe.

If

If *I* do fall flat, it's becauſe, mark you that,
I am a cup to low.
If *I* ſpeak ſenſe e nough, or did ſpeak but ſtuff,
All is alike to me,
Ile never pauſe upon't, you were the cauſe on't,
And that's my Apologie.

Silvia. *Made by a Perſon of Honor.*
But the Anſwer and Reply lately added.

SIlvia tell me, how long it will be
Before you will grant my deſire:
Is there no end of your c uelty,
But moſt I conſume in this fire.
You'l not tell me you love me, nor yet that you hate.
But take pleaſure in ſeeing me languiſh.
Ah *Silvia*, pity my deſperate ſtate,
For you are the cauſe of my anguiſh.

Her Anſwer.

DAm n I tell thee, I never ſha'l be
in a hum ur to grant thy deſire,
Nor can *I* be tax'd with cruelty,
Having one that *I* more do admire.

For 'tis him that I love, and thee that I hate,
Yet I find you fain would be doing,
No, *Damon*, you never ſhall be my Mate,
Then prethee Friend leave off thy woing.

His Reply.

3. *Silvia* know, I never ſhall more
Be a Suitor to pride and diſdaining,
Nor can my reſpects be as heretofore,
Being now in the time of their waining:
For I prize not thy love, nor I fear not thy hate,
then prethee take it for a warning,
When ever you meet with another mate,
Faith *Silvia* leave off your ſcorning.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. WHereever I am, and whatever I do,
My *Phillis* ſtill in my mind:
When angry, I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
My feet of themſelves the way find.
Unknown to my ſelf, I am juſt at her door,
And when I would rail, I can bring out no more.
Then Phillis *too fair and unkind*,
Then Phillis *too fair and unkind*.

2. When

2. When *Phillis* I ſee, my heart burns in my breaſt,
And the love I would ſtifle is ſhown,
But aſleep or awake, I am never at reſt,
When from mine eyes *Phillis* is gone,
Sometimes a ſweet dream does delude my ſad mind,
But alas when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,
Then I ſigh to my ſelf all alone,
Then I ſigh to my ſelf all alone.

3. Should a King being Rival in her I adore,
He ſhould offer his treaſure in vain.
O let me alone, to be happy and poor,
And give me my *Phillis* again:
Let *Phillis* be mine, and ever be kind,
I could to a Deſart with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his Reign,
And envy no Monarch his reign.

4. Alas! I diſcover too much of my love,
And ſhe too well knows her own power:
She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour.
But let her each minute torment my poor mind
I had rather love *Phillis* both falſe and unkind,
Then ever be freed from her power,
Then ever be freed from her power.

The

The Coy Lady ſlighted at laſt.

1. POor *Celia* once was very fair,
A quick bewitching eye ſhe had,
Moſt neatly look'd her brai'ded hair,
Her lovely cheeks would make you m d.
Upon her lip do all the Graces p'ay,
And on her breaſts Ten thouſand Cupids *lay.*

2. Then many a doting Lover came,
From Seventeen unto Twenty one:
Each told her of his mighty flame,
But ſhe forſooth affected none,
This was not handſome, t'other was not fine,
This of Tobacco ſmelt, and that of wine.

3. But t'other day it was my fate
To paſs along that way alone:
I ſaw no Coach before her gate,
But at her door I heard her moan,
And dropt a tear, and ſighing ſeem'd to ſay,
Young Ladies marry, marry whilſt you may.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. WOrld thou art ſo wicked grown,
That thy deceits I muſt diſown,
Since Knaves from honeſt cannot be known,
So general is Diſtraction.

2. Men that grave and ſhould be wiſe,
In their opinions are ſo preciſe,
That always they turn up the whites of their eyes,
When plotting ſome other faction.

Conventicles are grown ſo rife,
Whoſe followers are ſo many,
There's ſo much gathered for their relief,
Poor Cavaliers can not get any.

Wit without money is ſuch a curſe,
No Mortal would be in its clutches:
And he that has one without t'other, is worſe
Then a Cripple without his crutches.

A Song by a Perſon of Quality.

HOld, hold, and no further advance,
For I'm caſt in a trance.

If

If an inch more you give,
I'm not able to live,
Then draw back your lance.

So now 'tis pretty well my love,
Yet if you will,
You may somewhat further ſhove,
But do not kill.
I dye, I dye, my breath's almoſt a gone,
Pray let me ſleep, and Ile wake anon.

A Rodamontade on his cruel Miſtris.

SEek not to know a woman, for ſhe's worſe
Then all Ingredients cram'd into a curſe.
Were ſhe but ugly, peeviſh, proud, a Whore,
Perjur'd or painted, ſo ſhe were no more,
I could forgive her, and connive at this,
Alledging ſtill ſhe but a woman is:
But ſhe is worſe, and may in time foreſtal
The Devil, and be the damning of us all.

A SONG. *A Dialogue between two Friends.*

Tune, *How severe and forgetful is old age.*

R.

1. HOw unhappy a lover am I,
Whilst I sigh for my *Phillis* in vain.
All my hopes of delight, are another mans right,
Who is happy whilst I am in pain.

W.

2. Since her honor affords no relief,
As to pity the pains which you bear,
Its the best of your fate, in a helpless state,
To give over betimes to despair.

R.

3. I have tried the false Medicine in vain,
Yet I wisht what I hope not to win,
From without my desires has no food to its fires,
But it burns and consumes me within.

W.

4. Yet at best its a comfort to know
That you are not unhappy alone;
For the Nymph you adore, is as wretched or more,
And accounts all your sufferings her own.

A

5. O

F.

5. O you Powers let me suffer for both,
At the feet of my *Phillis* Ile lye,
Ile resign up my breath, and take pleasure in death,
To be pitied by her when I dye.

W.

6. What her honor denied you in life,
In her death she will give to her love:
Such a flame as is true, after Fate will renew,
For the souls do meet freely above.

A SONG. *Called the injur'd Lady.*

1. O O you powerful Gods, if I must be
an injur'd Offering to Love: Deity,
Grant my revenge, this plague on men,
That women ne're may love agen.
Then Ile with joy submit unto my fate,
Which by your Justice gives your Empire date.

2. Depose that proud insulting Tyrant Boy,
Who most is pleased when he does most destroy:
O let the world no longer govern'd be,
By such a blind and childish Deity.
For if you Gods are in your power severe,
We shall adore you, not for love but fear.

3. But

3. But if you'll his Divinity maintain
('Tis men, falſe men, confirm his tort'ring reign)
And when their hearts Loves greateſt torment prove
Let that no pity, but our laughter move.
Thus ſcorn'd and loſt to all their wiſht for aims,
Let rage, deſpair and death conſume their flame.

The Wooing Rogue.

The Tune is, *My Freedom is all my joy.*

1. COme live with me, and be my Whore,
And we will beg from door to door,
Then under a hedge we'll ſit and lowſe us,
Until the Beadle comes to rouſe us,
And if they'll give us no relief,
Thou ſhalt turn Whore, and I'le turn Thief,
Thou ſhalt turn Whore, and I'le turn Thief.

2. If thou canſt rob, then I can ſteal,
And we'll eat Roaſt-meat every meal;
Nay, we'll eat White-bread every day,
And throw our mouldy cruſts away,
And twice a day we will be drunk,
And then at night I'le kiſs my Punk,
And then at night I'le kiſs my Punk.

3. And when we both ſhall have the pox,
We then ſhall want both ſhirts and ſmocks,
To ſhift each others mangy hide,
That is with Itch ſo pockifide:
We'll take ſome clean ones from a hedge,
And leave our old ones for a pledge,
And leave our old ones for a pledge.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. HOw ſevere is forgetful old age,
To confine a poor Lover ſo,
That I almoſt deſpair, to ſee even the air,
Much more my dear Damon, *hey ho.*

2. Though I whiſper my ſighs out alone,
Yet I am trac'd where ever I go,
That ſome treacherous tree keeps this old man from me,
And there he counts every hey ho, hey ho!

3. How ſhall I this *Argus* blind,
And ſo put an end to my wo?
But whilſt I beguile his frowns with a ſmile,
I betray my ſelf with a *hey ho.*

4. My

4. My reſtraint then, alas, muſt endure;
So that ſince my ſad doom I know,
I will pine for my love like the Turtle Dove,
And breath out my life in ſighs.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. NEver perſwade me to't, I vow
I live not: how canſt thou
Expect a life in me,
Since my ſoul is fled to thee?
You ſuppoſe becauſe I walk,
And you think talk,
I therefore breathe: alas, you know,
Shades as well as men do ſo.

2. You may argue, I have heat,
My pulſes beat,
My ſighs have in them living fire.
Grant your Argument be truth,
Such heats my youth
Inflame, as poyſons do onely prepare
To make death their follower.

A Song.

FArewel, farewel fond love, under whoſe childiſh whip
I have ſerv'd out a weary 'Prentiſhip
Farewel, thou that haſt made me thy ſcorn'd property,
To dote on thoſe that lov'd not,
And to fly thoſe that wo'd me:
Go bane of my content, and practice on ſome other Patience.

2. My woful Monument ſhall be a cell,
The murmure of the purling Brook my knell,
And for my Epitaph the Rocks ſhall groan
Eternally: If any ask this ſtone,
What wretched thing doth in this compaſs lie,
The hollow eccho ſhall reply, 'Tis I, 'tis I,
The hollow eccho ſhall reply, 'tis I,
Farwel, farwel.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. HAve I not told thee deareſt mine,
That I deſtroy'd ſhou'd be:
Unhappy though the crime was thine,
And mine the miſery;
Thou art not kind, there's none ſo blind,
As thoſe that will not ſee.

2. Have

2. Have I not ſigh'd away my breath,
In homage to thy beauty:
What have I got but certain death,
A poor reward for duty.
Well, when I'm gone, you'll here have one
That will prove half ſo true t'ye.

3. Have I not ſteep'd my ſoul in tears,
When thou didſt hardly mind it,
But rather added to my fears,
When love ſhould have declin'd it,
Which in this breaſt, I hope for reſt,
But now deſpair to find it.

3. O that I could but ſound thy heart,
And fathom but thy mind:
Then would I ſearch thy better part,
And force thee to be kind:
But now I'm loſt, and here am croſt,
'Tis they that hide, muſt find.

4. If pity then within thy heart
doth own a reſidence,
Vouchſafe to read my Tragick part,
And plead my innocence:
Then when I'm dead, it may be ſaid,
'Twas love was my offence.

5 But since thy will is to destroy,
I dare not mercy crave,
But kindly thank my fate, and joy
I liv'd to dye thy slave;
Then exercise those killing eyes,
And frown me to my grave.

A Song.

LOve fare thee well,
Since no love can dwell
In thee, that in hatred doth all excell.

2. All love is blind.
Yet none more unkind
Then those that repays love with a proud mind.

3. Love that's Divine,
Is not Love like to mine,
Since she doth laugh when I do repine.

Then gentle Love, for Love's owns sake,
Sigh living soul, and break heart break,

A Song.

1. MAny declare what torments there are,
Yet none ever felt ſo much of deſpair:
No love can tell, how high my griefs ſwell,
O curſed be the pride that reduc'd me to Hell.

2. My heart is on fire, whilſt I do admire
That you with diſdain requites my deſire:
All muſt ceaſe, that my flames may encreaſe,
And curſed be the pride that murther'd my peace.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. PHillis, for ſhame let us improve
A thouſand ſeveral ways,
Thoſe few ſhort minutes ſnatch'd by love
From many tedious days.
Whilſt you want courage to deſpiſe
The cenſure of the grave,
For all the Tyrant in your eyes,
Your heart is but a ſlave.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. MY love is full full of noble pride,
and never can ſubmit
To let that Fop Diſcretion ride
In Triumph over wit.
Falſe Friends I have as well as you,
Which daily council me
Fame and Ambition to purſue,
And leave off loving thee:
When I the leaſt belief beſtow
On what ſuch fools adviſe,
May I be dull enough to grow
Moſt miſerable wiſe.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

BRight *Celia*, know 'twas not thine eyes
Alone that firſt did me ſurprize;
The Gods uſe ſeldom to diſpence
To your Sex Beauty and Conſcience:
If then they have made me untrue,
The fault lies not in me but you:
Sure 'tis no crime to break a vow,
When we are firſt I know not how.

2. You

2. You preſs me an unuſual way,
To make my Song my love betray:
Yet fear you'll turn it to a jeſt,
And uſe me as you have done the reſt
Of thoſe ſad Captives which complain,
Yet are enamour'd of their flame:
And though they dye for love of you,
Dare neither love nor you purſue.

3. If love be ſin, why live you then
To make ſo many guilty men;
Since 'tis not in the power of Art
To make a breaſt-plate for the heart,
Since 'tis your eyes Loves ſhafts convey
Into our ſouls a ſecret way:
Where if once fixt, no herb nor charm
Can cure us of our inward harm.

A Song.

1 ALL the flatteries of Fate,
And the glory of State,
And nothing ſo ſweet as what love doth create:
If love you deny,
'Tis time I ſhould dye;
Kind Death's a reprieve when you threaten to hate.

2. In

2. In ſome ſhady Grove,
Will I wander and rove
With *Philomel* and the diſconſolate Dove:
With a down hanging wing,
While I mournfully ſing
The Tragick events of *Unfortunate* love.

3. With our plaints we'll conſpire
For to heighten loves fire,
Still vanquiſhing life, till at laſt I expire:
But when we are dead,
In a cold leafy bed,
Be Inter'd with the Dirge of this deſolate Quire.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. LOve that is skrew'd a pitch too high,
May ſqueak, but with a ſqueeze will dye:
The ſollid Lover knows not how
To play the Changeling with his vow:
Small ſorrow may find vent, and break,
Great ones will rather burſt than ſpeak:
Such is my forcure, when my *Flora* frowns,
Not onely me, but ſhe the world will drown.

2. Thus

2. Thus am I drench'd in miſery,
Yet hope ſhe may be kind to me:
I, but 'tis long firſt, could ſhe but reſtrain
Thoſe kindneſſes which I'de be glad to gain,
She'll ſurely do't: if ſo, it ſhall be known
I lov'd her for her own ſake, not my own.
Thus will I live and dye, and ſo will be
Examplary to all Poſterity.

A Song.

1. WHat care I though the world reprove
My bold, my over daring love:
Ignoble minds themſelves exempt
From Int'reſt in a brave attempt.

2. The Eagle ſoaring to behold
The Sun arrayed in flames of gold,
Regards not, though ſhe burns her wings,
Since that rich ſight ſuch pleaſure brings.

3. So feel I now my ſmiling thought,
To ſuch a reſolution brought,
That it contemns all grief and ſmart,
Since I ſo high have plac'd my heart.

4. And

4. And if I dye, some worthy Spirits
To future times shall sing my merits,
That easily did my life despise,
Yet ne're forsook my enterprize.

5. Then shine bright Sun, and let me see,
The glory of thy Majestie:
I wish to dye, so I may have
Thy look, my death; thine eye, my grave.

A Song.

1. BUrn and consume, burn w etched heart,
Unhappy in extreams thou art:
If dying looks serve not thy turn,
To say thy Beauty makes me burn.

2. From thoughts inflamed, pale colours fume
Into my face, and it consume:
O my poor heart, what charms thee so,
That thy afflicted face let's know.

3. Yet will not tell who murthers thee,
But yet will still a Lover be:
Who hides my Phœnix eyes, that she
Whom I adore thus, cannot see.

4. How *I* for her am made a prey
To ſorrow, and do pine away:
O fooliſh cuſtom, and vile uſe,
My ſilence now deſerves no truce.

A Song at the Dukes Houſe.

O Feign would I before I dye,
Bequeath to thee a Legacy;
That thou mayſt ſay, when I am gone,
None had my heart but thee alone:
Had I as many hearts as hairs,
As many lives as Lovers fears,
As many lives as years have hours,
They all and onely ſhould be yours.
Deareſt before you condeſcend,
To entertain a boſom friend:
Be ſure you know your ſervant well,
Before your liberty you ſell:
For love's a fire in young and old,
'Tis ſometimes hot, and ſometimes cold;
And men you know that when they pleaſe,
They can be ſick of loves diſeaſe.
Then wiſely chuſe a Friend that may
Laſt for an age, and not a day:
Who loves thee not for lip nor eye,
But for thy mutual ſimpathy.

Let

Let ſuch a Friend thy heart engage,
For he will comfort thee in age,
And kiſs thy furrow'd wrinkled brow
With as much joy as I do now.

A SONG, *called, And to each pretty we will give a Green gown.*

1. THus all our life long we are frollick and gay,
And inſtead of Court Revels we merrily play
At Trap, at Rules, and a Barly-break run:
At Goff, and at Foot-ball, and when we have done
Theſe innocent ſports, we'll laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty Liſs
We will give a green gown.

2. We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry
The Partridge, the Hare, the Pheaſant's, our quarry:
The nimble Squirrils with cudgels we'l chaſe,
And the little pretty Lark we betray with a glaſs.
And when we have done, &c.

3. About the *May*-pole we dance all in a round,
And with Garlands of Pinks and Roſes are crown'd,
Our little kind tribute we chearfully pay
To the gay Lord, and the bright Lady o'th' *May*.
And when we have done, &c.

A

A Song.

1. ON the bank of a Brook I ſate fiſhing,
Hid in the Oziers that grew in the ſide,
I overheard a Nymph and Shepherd wiſhing,
No time nor Fortune their love might divide.
To Cupid *and* Venus *each offer'd a vow,*
To love ever as they lov'd now.

2. O, ſaid the Shepherd, and ſigh'd, What a pleaſure
Is love conceal'd betwixt Lovers alone:
Love muſt be ſecret, for like Fairy treaſure,
When 'tis diſcover'd, 'twill quickly be gone.
For Envy and Jealouſie, if it will ſtay,
Would, alas, ſoon make it decay.

3. Then let us leave this world and care behind us,
Said the Nymph, ſmiling, and gave him her hand,
All alone, all alone, where none ſhall find us,
In ſome fair Deſart we'll ſeek a new land,
And there live from Envy and Jealouſie free,
And a world to each other wee'l be.

A Song.

1. CElsamina of my heart,
None shall e're bereave you:
If by your good leave I may,
Quarrel with you once a day,
I will never leave you.

2. Passion's but an empty name,
Where respect is wanting,
Damon you mistake your aim,
Hang your heart, and dam your flame,
If you must be ranting.

3. Love as pale and muddy is,
As Decaying liquour.
Anger sets it on the Lees,
And refines it by degrees,
Till it works it quicker.

4. Love by anger to beget,
Wisely you endeavour,
With a grave Phisician wit,
Who to cure an Ague fit,
Puts me in a Feavour.

Anger

5. Anger rowſeth love to fight,
And its onely bait is,
'Tis the guide to dull delight,
And is but an eager bite
When deſire at height is.

5. If ſuch drops of heat do fall
In our woing weather;
If ſuch drops of heat do fall,
We ſhall have the Devil and all,
When we come together.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

BEneath a Mirtle ſhade,
Which none but Love for happy Lovers made,
I ſlept, and ſtrait my love before me brought
Phillis, the object of my waking thought.
Undreſt ſhe came my flames to meet,
Whilſt Love ſtrew'd flowers beneath her feet:
Flowers, that ſo preſt by her, became more ſweet.

2. From the bright Virgins head,
A careleſs veil of Lawn was looſly ſpread:
From her white temple fell her ſhady hair,
Like cloudy Sun-ſhine, not too brown nor fair:

Her h nds, her lip- did love inſpi e,
Her every Grace my heart did fire,
Bu moſt her eyes that l nguiſh with deſire.

3. Ah Charming Fair, ſaid I,
How long can my bliſs and you deny
By nature, and by love: this lovely ſhade
Was for revenge of ſuffe ing Lovers made.
Silence and ſhades with love agree,
Both ſhelt r you, and favour me,
You cannot b u'k, becauſe I cannot ſee.

4. No, let me dye, ſhe ſaid,
For rather then loſe the ſpotleſs name of Maid:
Faintly, methought ſhe ſpoke; for all the while
She bid me not believe her with a ſmile.
Then dye, ſaid I: She ſtill denyed,
And yet, *Thus, thus*, the cry'd.
You uſe a harmleſs Maid, and ſo ſhe dy'd.

5. I Wak'd, and ſtrait *I* knew
I lov'd ſo well, it made my dream prove true.
Fancy the kinder Miſtris of the two,
I fancy *I* had done what *Phillis* would not do:
Ah cruel Nymph, ceaſe your diſdain,
Whilſt *I* can dream you ſcorn in vain,
Aſleep, or waking, I muſt e uſe my pain.

The

The Diſconſolate Lover.

1. AS I lay all alone on my bed ſlumbring,
Thinking my reſtleſs ſoul to repoſe,
All my thoughts they began then to be numbring
Up her diſdainings, the cauſe of my woes:
That ſo encreaſt my dolour and pain,
I fear I never ſhall ſee her again:
Which makes me ſigh and ſobbing cry,
O my Love, O my Love, for thee I dye.

2. When this Fair Cruel, ſhe firſt I ſaw praying
Within the Temple unto her Saint,
Then mine eyes every look my heart betraying,
Which is the cauſe of my doleful complaint,
That all my joys are quite fled and gone,
And I in ſorrow am now left alone:
Which makes me ſigh and ſobbing cry,
O my Love, O my Love, for thee I dye.

3. Then farewel every thing that ſounds like pleaſure,
And welcome death the cure of my ſmart,
I deem'd firſt ſight of her, I graſp'd a treaſure:
But wo is me it has broken my heart,
For now my Paſſing-bell call's away,
And I with her no longer muſt ſtay:
Which makes me ſigh and ſobbing cry,
O my Love, O my Love, for thee I dye.

The ſubtil and coy Girl.

The tune, Silvia *tell me how long it will be.*

1. WHy ſhou'd my *Celia* now be coy,
In denying to yield me thoſe Graces
Which we did formerly both enjoy,
In our Amorous mutual embraces.
She'll not give me a reaſon,
But ſhews me a frown
Is enough to deſtroy a poor love.
Ah *Celia*, once I did think thee mine own,
But now I my folly diſcover.

2. Is it becauſe I have been ſo kind
At all times to feed thy deſire
In Preſents and Treats, thou haſt chang'd thy mind,
And left me like Dun in the mire;
Or elſe is't becauſe thou doſt
Think my eſtate
Is to mean to uphold thee in brav'ry:
Know *Celia* 'tis not ſo much out of date,
To force me endure ſo much ſlav'ry.

3. Or is't becauſe thou wilt follow the mode,
Since moſt are addicted to changing,
Thou'd only get thee a name abroad,
In being more famous for ranging.

Nay

Nay *Cælia*, more this truth thou woo't find,
I therefore adviſe thee be wary,
When ever thou getſt thee a mate to thy mind,
He'll play thee the ſame figary.

The drawing of Valentines.

The tune, *Madams Jig.*

1. THere was, and there was, and there was,
And I marry was there,
A crew on St *Valentins* Eve did meet together,
And every Lad had his particular Laſs there,
And drawing of Valentines cauſed their
Coming thither.
Then Mr. *John* drew Mrs. *Jone* at firſt Sir,
And Mrs. *Jone* would fain a drawn *John* and ſhe
Durſt Sir.
So Mr. *William* drew Mrs. *Gillian* the next Sir,
And Mrs. *Gillian* not drawing off *William*
was vex'd Sir.

2. They then did jumble all in the hat together,
And each did promiſe them to draw 'em fairer:
But Mrs. *Hoſier* vow'd that ſhe had rather
Draw Mr. *Keſte* than any that was there Sir.:

So Mr. *Keſter* drew with Mrs. *Heſter* then Sir,
And Mrs. *Heſter* drew Mr. *Keſter* again Sir:
And Mr. *Harry* drew Mrs. *Mary* featly,
And Mrs. *Mary* did draw Mr. *Harry* as neatly.

3. They altogether then reſolved to draw Sir,
And every one deſir'd to draw their Friend Sir,
But Mr. *Richard* did keep 'em ſo in aw Sir,
And told 'em then they neire ſhould make an end Sir:
So Mr. *Richard* drew Mrs *Bridget* ſquarely,
And Mrs. *Bridget* did draw Mr. *Richard* as fairly:
But Mr. *Hugh* drew Mrs. *Sn* but ſlily,
And Mrs. *Sn* did draw Mr. *Hugh* as wily.

4 Thus have heard of the Twelve that lately drew Sir,
How every one would fain their Friend have
drawn Sir,
And now there's left to draw but four o'th' crew Sir:
And each did promiſe his Laſs an ell of Lawn (Sir:
So Mr. *Watty* drew Mrs. *Katy* but ſlightly,
And Mrs *Katy* did draw Mr *Watty* as lightly:
But Mr. *Thomas* in drawing of *Annis* too faſt Sir,
Made Mrs. *Annis* to draw Mr. *Thomas* at laſt Sir.

5. And there is an end, and an end and an end of
my Song Sir
Of *Jone* and *Jony*, and *William* and *Gillian* too Sir.
To *Keſter* & *Heſter*, and *Harry* & *Mary* belong Sir
Both

Both *Richard* and *Bridget*, and *Hugh* & honeſt *Su* Sir:
But *Watty* and *Kay*, and *Thomas* and *Ann* is here Sir,
Are the onely four that now do bring up the reer Sir:
Then every one t'th' Tavern cry amain Sir,
And ſtaid till drawing there had fill'd their brain Sir.

A late and true ſtory of a furious Scold ſerved in her kind.

The tune, *Step ſtately.*

1. WAs ever man ſo vex'd with a Trull
As I poor *Anthony* ſince I was wed;
For I never can get my belly full,
But before I have ſupp'd I muſt haſten to bed:
Or elſe ſhe'll begin to ſcold and to brawl,
And to call me Puppey and Cuckold and all:
Yet ſhe with her Cronies muſt troule it about,
Whilſt I in my Kennel muſt ſnooze it out.

2. I once did go to drink with a Friend,
But ſhe in a trice did fetch me away.
We both but two pence a piece did ſpend,
Yet it prov'd to me Execution day;
For ſhe flew in my face and call'd me fool,
And comb'd my head with a three legged ſtool:
Nay ſhe furniſht my face with ſo many ſcratches,
That for a whole month 'twas cover'd with patches;

3. What ever money I get in the day
To keep her in quiet I give her at night,
Or elſe ſhall licence her tongue to play
For two or three hours juſt like a ſpright.
Then to the Cubbord Pilgarlick muſt high,
To ſeek for ſome cruſts that have long lain dry:
So I ſteep 'um in skim-milk until they are wet,
And commonly this is the ſupper I get.

4. And once a moneth for faſhions ſake,
She gives me leave to come to her bed,
But moſt of that time I muſt lie awake,
Leſt ſhe in her fits ſhould knock me o'h' head.
But for the bed I do lie on my ſelf,
You'd think 'twere as ſoft as an Oaken ſhelf;
For the tick it is made of Hempen hurds,
And yet for all this I muſt give her good words.

5. We commonly both do piſs in a pan,
But the Cullender once was ſet in the place:
She then did take it up in her hand,
And flounc't it out on my ſtomack and face.
I told her then ſhe urin'd beſide,
But ſhe call'd me Rogue, and told me I ly'd,
And ſwore it was not up to her thumb,
Then ſhe threw the pan in the middle of the room.

6. Then

6. Then a Maid that was my Sweet-heart before,
Did come to the houſe to borrow a pale:
I kiſt her but once, and I thought on't no more,
But ſhe flew in her face with tooth and nail:
But th: Wench ſhe ſtood to her, and claw'd her about,
That for a whole fortnight ſhe never *ſtir'd out*:
For her eyes was ſo ſwell'd, and her face was ſo tore,
That I never ſaw Jade ſo mangled before.

7. She then did bid me drop in her eyes
A Soveraign water ſent her that day:
But I had a liquor I more did prize,
Made of Henbane and *Mercury*, ſteep'd in whey,
I dropt it in, and nointed her face,
Which brought her into a moſt Devilliſh caſe;
For ſhe tore and ſhe ranted, and well ſhe might,
For after that time ſhe ne'ere had her ſight.

8. I then did get her a Dog and a Bell
To lead her about from place to place:
And now 'tis husband, I hope you are well;
But before it was Cuckold and Rogue to my face.
Then bleſt be that Henbane and *Mercury* ſtrong,
That hath made ſuch a change in my wives tongue
You ſee 'tis a Medicine certain and ſure,
For the cure of a ſcold, but I'le ſay no more.

A Song on the Declensions.

The tune is, *Shackle de boy.*

1. MY Mistris she is fully known
To all the five Declensions:
She'll seize 'em singly one by one,
To take their true Dimensions.
She ne're declin'd yet any man,
Yet they'l decline her now and then,
In spight of her Inventions.

2. First *Musa* is her Mothers name,
And *hoc* does still attend her:
She is a *hujus* burley Dame,
Though *huic* be but slender:
Yet she'll have a *hunc* on every man,
And *hac* him to do what he can,
Unless they do befriend her.

3. *Magister* was her Father too,
And *hic* is still his man Sir,
Nay *filius* is her Son also,
And *Dominus* her Grandsire:
Nay *Lucus Agnus*, and that Lamb-like crew,
She'll call 'm *hunc's*, I and *hoc's* 'em too,
Do all that e're they can Sir.

4 Next,

4. Next, ſhe's to *lapis* very kind,
As honeſt *hic* has ſed Sir;
For ſhe's to Precious ſtones inclind
Full long before ſhe was wed Sir:
Which made her Parents often ſay,
That *hic* and *hac* both night and day,
Was forc'd to watch her bed Sir.

5. She beat poor *manus* with a cane,
Though he did often hand her
From *Whetſtones-Park*, to *Parkers Lane*,
And was her conſtant Pandor.
Yet give him *Mani* buſſes when
That ſhe could get no other men,
That he could not withſtand her.

6. 'Bout noon ſhe'd with *Meridies* dine
And Sup, and bed him to Sir:
She'd make poor *facies* to her encline,
In ſpight of all her could do Sir.
She day by day would *dies* pledge,
Which ſet poor *facies* teeth an edge,
And often made him ſpew Sir.

7. Thus have I ſhew'd her kindred here,
And all her dear Relations,
As *muſa lapis Magiſter*,
And all their Antick faſhions.

Meridies

Meridies, *Minus*, and *Felix* too,
Are happy that they never knew
Any of all her ſtations.

A Song of the three degrees of Compariſon.

The tune, *And 'tis the Knave of Clubs bears all the ſway.*

1. MY Miſtris ſhe loves Dignities,
For ſhe has taken three degrees:
There's no compariſon can be made,
With her in all her ſubtile trade
She's poſitively known a Whore,
And ſuperlatively runs on's ſcore.

2. And firſt I *Poſitive* her call,
'Cauſe ſhe'll be abſolute in all:
For ſhe's to *durus* very hard,
And with ſad *triſtis* often jarr'd:
Which happily made *felix* ſay,
Sweet *dulcis* carried all away.

3. Next ſhe is call'd *Comparative*;
For ſhe'll compare to any alive
For ſcolding whoring and the reſt
Of the Illiberal Sciences in her breaſt:

She'll

She'll drink more hard than *durior*,
Though he would harder drink before.

4. Then ſhe's call'd *Superlative*;
'Cauſe ſhe'll her Pedigree derive,
Not from *Potens*, or *Potentior*,
The Mighty, or the Mightier:
But from *Potentiſſimus*,
Not *bonus*, *melior*, but *Optimus*.

5. Thus have I ſhew'd my Miſtris t'ye,
And gradually in each degree:
How ſhe is *Poſitive* to ſome,
Comparative when others come,
Superlative even over all,
Yet underneath her ſelf will fall.

The kind Husband, but Imperious Wife.

The firſt part of the Tune his, and the later part hers.

M.

1. WIfe, prethee come give me thy hand now,
And ſit thee down by me:
There's never a man in the land now,
Shall be more loving to thee.

W.

2. I hate to sit by such a Drone,
Thou lieſt like a Hog in my bed:
I had better a lain alone,
For I still have my Maiden-head.

M.

3. Wife, what wouldſt thou ha'me to do now,
I think I have plaid the man:
But if I were ruled by you now,
You'd have me do more than I can.

W.

4. I make you do more than I can,
You lie like a fool, God wot:
When I thought to have found thee a man,
I found thee a fumbling Sot.

M.

5. Wife, prethee now leave off thy ranting,
And let us both agree:
There's nothing elſe ſhall be wanting,
If thou wilt be ruled by me.

W.

6. I will have a Coach and a man,
And a Saddle-Horſe to ride:
I alſo will have a Sedan
And a Footman to run by my ſide.

M.

7. Thou ſhalt have all this my dear wife,
And thou ſhalt bear the ſway,
And I'le provide thee good chear wife,
'Gainſt thou com'ſt from the Park or a Play.

W.

8. I'le have every month a new Gown,
And a Petticoat dred in grain
Of the Modiſheſt ſilk in the Town,
And a Page to hold up my train.

M.

9. Thou ſhalt have this too my ſweet wife,
If thou'd contented be,
Or any thing elſe that is meet wife,
So that we may but agree.

W.

10. I will have a Gallant or two,
And they ſhall be handſome,
And I'le make you to know your Cue
When they come in, and go out agen.

M.

11. Methinks a couple's too few wife,
Thou ſhalt have three or four,
And yet I know thou'd be true wife,
Although thou hadſt half a ſcore.

W.

12. I will have as many as I pleaſe,
In ſpight of your teeth, you fool,
And when I've the Pocky diſeaſe,
'Tis thou that ſhalt empty my ſtool.

M.

13. Why how now you brazen-fac'd Harlot,
I'le make you to change your note,
And if ever I find that you ſnarl at
My actions, I'le bang your coat.

14. Nay,

14. Nay, I'le make you to wait you Flaps
At table till I have din'd,
And I'le leave you nothing but ſcraps,
Until I do find you more kind.

W.

15. Sweet Husband, I now cry *peccavi*,
You know we women are frail;
And for the ill words that I gave ye,
Ask pardon, and hope to prevail.

For now I will lie at your foot,
Deſiring to kiſs your hand:
Nay, caſt off my Gallants to boot,
And ſtill be at your Command.

A Song at the Dukes Houſe.

1. MAke ready, fair Lady, to nights *Innocence*,
And ſtand at the door below:
For I will be there, to receive you with care,
And to your true Love you ſhall go.

2. And when the Stars twinckle ſo bright,
Then down to the door will I creep,

To my Love will fly, ere the jealous can spy,
And leave my old Daddy asleep.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. TO little or no purpose have I spent all my days
In ranging the *Park*, the *Exchange* & the Plays,
Yet ne're in my Ramble till now did I prove
So happy, to meet with the man I could love.
But Oh now I'm glad when I think of the man,
That I find I must love, let me do what I can.

2 How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
Than had I a Feaver, when I should be well:
My Passion shall kill me before I will shew it.
And yet would I give all the world he did know it.
But O I sigh, when I think he shall woe me,
That I cannot deny what I know will undo me.

A Song. The tune, *Robin Rewser.*

1. MY name is honest *Harry*,
And I love little *Mary*
In spight of *Cis* or jealous *Bess*,
I le have mine own fegary.

2. My

2. My Love is blith and buckſom,
And ſweet and fine as can be:
Freſh and gay as the flowers in *May*,
And looks like *Jackadandy*.

3. And if ſhe will not have me
That am ſo true a Lover,
I'le drink my Wine, and ne're repine,
And down ſtairs I'le ſhove her.

4. But if that ſhe will love,
I'le be as kind as may be:
I'le give her rings, and pretty things,
And deck her like a Lady.

5. Her Petticoat of Sattin,
Her Gown of Crimſon Tabby:
Lac'd up before and ſpangled o're,
Juſt like a *Bartlemew* Baby.

Her Waſtecoat is of Scarlet,
With Ribbons tied together:
Her Stockins of a Bow-dy'd hue,
And her ſhoes of Spaniſh leather.

7. Her Smock o'th, fineſt Holland,
And lac'd in every quarter:

Side and wide, and long enough,
And hangs below her garter.

8 Then toth' Church I'le have her,
Where we will wed together:
So come home when we have done
In ſpight of wind and weather.

9. The Fidlers ſhall attend us,
And firſt play *John* come kiſs me;
And when that we have danc'd a round,
They ſhall play, Hit or miſs me.

10. Then hey for little *Mary*,
'Tis ſhe I love alone Sir:
Let any man, do what he can,
I will have her or none Sir.

Theſe following are to be underſtood two ways.

I Saw a Peacock, with a fiery tail,
I ſaw a Blazing Comet, drop down hail,
I ſaw a Cloud, with Ivy circled round,
I ſaw a ſturdy Oak, creep on the ground,
I ſaw a Piſmire, ſwallow up a Whale,
I ſaw a raging Sea, brim full of Ale,

I ſaw a Venice Glaſs, Sixteen foot deep,
I ſaw a well, full of mens tears that weep,
I ſaw their eyes, all in a flame of fire,
I ſaw a Houſe, as big as the Moon and higher,
I ſaw the Sun, even in the midſt of night,
I ſaw the man, that ſaw this wondrous ſight.

On the Sea Fight with the Hollanders in the Rumps time.

MY wiſhes greet, the Navy of the Dutch,
The Engliſh Fleet, I all good Fortune grutch,
May no ſtorm toſs, *Van Trump* and his Sea Forces,
The Harp and Croſs, ſhall have my daily curſes,
Smile gentle Fates, on the Dutch Admiral,
Upon our States, the Plague of *Egypt* fall,
Attend all health, the Cavaliering part,
This Commonwealth, I value not a fart.

Thus I my wiſhes and my prayers divide,
Between the Rebels and the Regicide:
Backwards and forwards thus I break my mind,
And hope the Fates at laſt will be ſo kind
That the Proverb may but wheel about, (ont.
True men might have their own, now Knaves fall

The Anſwer to, Ask me no more whither doth ſtray.

1. I'Le tell you true whither doth ſtray
The darkneſs which ſucceeds the day:
For Heavens vengeance did allow,
It ſtill ſhould frown upon your brow.

2. I'le tell you true where may be found,
A voyce that's like the Screech-Owls ſound:
For in your falſe deriding throat
It lies, and death is in its note.

3. I'le tell you true whither doth paſs
The ſmiling look ſeen in the glaſs.
For in your face it reflects, and there
More falſe your ſhadow'd, it doth appear.

4. I'le tell you true whither are blown
The angry wheels of Thiſtle down:
It flies into your mind, whoſe care
Is to be light as Thiſtles are.

5. Ile tell you true within what neſt
The Cuckow lays her eggs to reſt:
It is your boſome which can keep,
Nor thoſe, nor him, Farewel, I'le ſleep.

A Dialogue between William *and* Harry, *riding on the way.*

H.

1. NOble, lovely, vertuous creature,
Purpoſely ſo fram'd by nature,
To inthral your ſervants wits.

W.

2. Time muſt now unite our hearts,
Not for any my deſerts,
But becauſe methinks it fits.

H.

3. Deareſt treaſure of my thought,
And yet wert thou to be bought
With my life, thou wert not dear.

W.

4. Secret comfort of my mind,
Doubt no longer to be kind,
But be ſo, and ſo appear.

H.

5. Give me love for love again,
Let our loves be clear and plain,
Heaven is faireſt, when it is cleareſt.

W.

6. Left in clouds and in deferring,
We resemble Seamen erring,
Farthest off when we are nearest.

H.

7. Thus with Numbers interchanged,
William's Muse and mine have ranged,
Verse and Journey both are spent.

W.

8. And if *Harry* chance to say,
That we well have spent the day,
I for my part am content.

A Gentleman on his beautiful Mistris.

1. YOu meaner Beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfie our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the Sun shall rise.

2. You

2. You curious Chanters of the wood
That warble forth Dame Natures lays,
Thinking your voyces understood
by their weak accents: What's your praise,
When Philomel *her voyce shall raise?*

3. You violets that first appear,
By your purple Mantles known,
Like the proud Virgins of the year,
As if the Spring were all your own,
What are you when the Rose is blown?

4. So when my Mistris shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
She cannot less be than a Queen:
And I believe she was design'd
To eclipse the glory of her kind.

A description of the Spring.

AND now all nature seem'd in Love,
The lusty sap began to move:
Now juice did stir th'embracing Vines,
And Birds had drawn their Valentines:
The jealous Trout that low did lie,
Rose at a well dissembled Flie:

Then ſtood my Friend with patient ſkill,
Attending on his trembling quill:
Already were the eaves poſſeſt
With the ſwift Pilgrims dawbed neſt:
The Groves already did rejoyce,
In *Philomels* triumphing voyce:
The ſhow'rs were ſhort, the weather mild,
The morning freſh, the evening ſmil'd.
Jone takes her neat rub'd paile; and now
She trips to milk the ſand-red Cow:
Where for ſome ſturdy foot-ball Swain,
Jone ſtroaks a Sil'abub or twain:
The fields and gardens were beſet
With Tulip, Crocus, Violet:
And now, though late, the modeſt Roſe
Did more than half a bluſh diſcloſe:
Thus all look'd gay, all full of chear,
To welcome this new liv'red year.

On a Shepherd loſing his Miſtris.

Tune, *Amongſt the Mirtles as I walk'd.*

1. STay Shepherd, prethee Shepherd ſtay,
Didſt thou not ſee he run this way?
Where may ſhe be, can'ſt thou not gueſs?
Alas! I've loſt my Shepherdeſs.

2. *I* fear ſome Satyr has betray'd
My pretty Lamb unto the Shade:
Then wo is me, for I'm undone,
For in the Shade ſhe was my Sun.

3. In Summer heat were ſhe not ſeen,
No ſolitary Vale was green:
The blooming Hills, the downy Meads,
Bear not a Flower, but where ſhe treads.

4. Huſh'd were the ſenſeleſs Trees, when ſhe
Sate but to keep them company:
The Silver ſtreams were ſwell'd with pride,
When ſhe ſate ſinging by their ſide.

5. The Pink, the Cowſlip, and the Roſe
Strive to ſalute her where ſhe goes:
And then contend to kiſs her ſhoo,
The Pancy and Daizy too.

But now I wander on the plains,
Forſake my home, and Fellow Swains:
And muſt for want of her, I ſee,
Reſolve to dye in miſery.

7. For when I think to find my Love
Within the boſom of a Grove.

Methinks

Methinks the Grove bids me forbear,
And sighing says, She is not here.

Next do I fly unto the Woods,
Where *Flora* prinks her self with buds,
Thinking to find her there: But lo!
The Myrtles and the Shrubs say, No.

9. Then what shall I unhappy do,
Or whom shall I complain unto?
No, no, Here I'm resolv'd to dye,
Welcome sweet Death and Destiny.

The Souldiers Resolution.

HEre stands the man that for his Countreys good,
Has with couragious Arms in sweat and blood
Ran through an Host of Pikes: He, he, I was
Out dar'd the Thunder of the roaring Brass,
Kick'd my black Stars, spurn'd balls of fire with scorn,
Like to a foot-ball in a frosty morn:
Made Death to tremble, and have bid my Drum
Beat a Defiance to the Cowardly scum.
And shall I now like a Pedantick stand,
Scraping and cromching with my cap in hand

To

To baſe-born Peaſants: No, he's but a worm
That ſtrikes his top-ſail to a little ſtorm.
Here then I'le fix, that nothing ſhall controul
The reſolutions of a Gallant ſoul.

On the Golden Croſs in Cheapſide.

TWo Fellows gazing at the Croſs in *Cheap*,
Says one, Methinks it is the rareſt heap
Of ſtone that e're was built: it ought I ſee,
One of the Wonders of the world to be:
No, ſays t'other, and began to ſwear,
The Croſſes of the world no Wonders are.

On a Pretender to Gentility, ſuſpected to be a High-way man.

A Great Pretender to Gentility.
Came to a Herauld for his Pedigree:
Beginning there to ſwagger, roar and ſwear,
Requir'd to know what Arms he was to bear:
The Herauld knowing what he was, begun
To rumble o're his Herauldry: which done,
Told him he was a Gentleman of note,
And that he had a very glorious coat.

Prethee

Prethee, what is't, quoth he? and here's your fees.
Sir, ſays the Herauld, 'tis two Rampant trees,
One Cowchant: add to give it farther ſcope,
A Ladder Paſſant, and a Pendant Rope:
And for a grace unto your Blew-coat ſleaves,
There's a Bird 'ith' Creſt that ſtrangles Thieves.

A Song.

1. A Blith and bonny Countrey Laſs
Sate ſighing on the tender graſs:
And weeping ſaid, will none come woo her?
A dapper Boy, a lither Swain,
That had a mind her love to gain,
With ſmiling looks ſtrait came unto her.

2. When as the wanton Girl eſpi'd
The means to make her ſelf a Bride,
She ſimper'd much like bonny *Nell*.
The Swain that ſaw her very kind,
His arms about her body twin'd,
And ſaid, fair Laſs how fare ye, well?

3. The

3. The Countrey Laſs ſaid, Well forſooth,
But that I have a longing tooth:
A longing tooth that makes me cry:
Alas, ſays he what gars thy grief?
A wound (ſays ſhe) without relief,
I fear that I a Maid ſhall dye.

4. If that be all, the Shepherd ſaid,
I'le make thee Wive it gentle Maid,
And ſo recure thy Malady:
On which they kiſt, with many an oath,
And fore God *Pan* did plight their troth,
So to the Church away they hy.

5. And *Jove* ſend every pretty Peat,
That fears to dye of this conceit,
So kind a Friend to help at laſt:
Then maids ſhall never long again,
When they find eaſe for ſuch a pain,
And thus my Roundelay is paſt.

A Song on Love.

1. IF Love be life, I long to dye,
Live they that liſt for me:
And he that gains the moſt thereby,
A fool at leaſt ſhall be:

But

But he that feels the forest fits,
Scapes with no less than loss of wits.
Unhappy life they gain, which Love doth entertain.

2. In day by feigned looks they live,
By lying dreams in night:
Each frown a deadly wound doth give,
Each smile a false delight.
If't hap their Lady pleasant seem,
It is for others love they deem:
If void she seem of joy, disdain doth make her coy.

3. Such is the peace that Lovers find,
Such is the life they lead,
Blown here and there with every wind,
Like flowers in the Mead.
Now war, now peace, then war again,
Desire, despair, delight, disdain
Though dead in midst of life: in peace, and yet at strife.

A Song.

I Serve *Aminta* whiter than the snow,
Streighter than Cedar, brighter than the glass,
More fine in trip than foot of running Roe,
More pleasant than the field of flowring grass.

More

More gladſom to my withring joys that fade,
Then Winters Sun, or Summers cooling ſhade.

2. Sweeter than ſwelling Grape of ripeſt Wine,
Softer than Feathers of the faireſt Swan,
Smoother than jet, more ſtately than the Pine,
Freſher than Popl'ar, ſmal'er than my ſpan.
Clearer than *Phœbus* fiery pointed beam,
Or Icy cruſt of Cryſtal's frozen ſtream.

3. Yet is ſhe curſter than the Bear by kind,
And harder-hearted than the aged Oak:
More glib than Oyl, more fickle than the Wind,
More ſtiff than Steel, no ſooner bent, but broke.
Lo thus my ſervice is a laſting ſore,
Yet will I ſerve, although I dye therefore.

The deſcription of Love, in a Dialogue between two Shepherds, Will *and* Tom.

Tom.

1. SHepherd, what's Love! pray thee tell?

Will.

It is that Fountain and that Well
Where Pleaſure and Repentance dwell:
It is perhaps that ſauncing Bell
That toles all in to Heaven or Hell,
And this is Love, as I heard tell.

T.

2. Yet what is Love, I prethee say?

W.

It is a work on Holy-day:
It is *December* match'd with *May*,
When lusty blood's in fresh array,
Hear ten months after of their play,
And this is Love, as I hear say.

T.

3. Yet what is love, I pray be plain?

W.

It is a Sun-shine mixt with rain,
It is a Tooth-ach, or worse pain;
It is a game, where none doth gain;
It is a thing tormoils the brain:
And this is Love, as I hear sayen.

T.

4 Yet Shepherd, what is Love I pray?

W.

It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray;
It is a thing will soon away:

For

For 'twill not long with any ſtay,
And this is Love, as I hear ſay.

T.

Yet what is Love, good Shepherd ſhow?

W.

A thing that creeps, it cannot go;
A prize that paſſeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that loves ſhall find it ſo:
And Shepherd this is Love I trow.

A SONG, *call'd, Loves Lottery.*

At the Duke's Houſe.

RUn to Love's Lottery, run Maids and rejoyce,
Whilſt ſeeking your chance, you meet your own choice,
And boaſt that your luck you help with deſign,
By praying croſs-leg to St. *Valentine.*
Hark, hark, a Prize is drawn, and Trumpets ſound
Tanta,ra,ra, Tanta,ra,ra, Tanta,ra,ra.
Hark Maids, more Lots are drawn, prizes abound.
Dub, a dub, the Drum now beats,
And dub, a dub, a dub, echo repeats,

As if at last the God of War had made
Loves Queen a Skirmish for a Sirrynade.
Haste, haste, fair Maids, and come away,
The Priest attends, the Bridegrooms stay:
Roses and Pinks will we strow where you go,
Whilst I walk in shades of Willow.
When I am dead, let him that did slay me
Be but so kind, so gentle, to lay me
The e where neglected Lovers mourn,
Where lamps and hallowed Tapers burn,
Where Clerks in Quires sad Dirges sing,
Where sweetly Bells at Burials ring.

On a Gentleman.

Tune, *My Freedom which is all my joy.*

1. POor *Clorís* wept and from her eyes
The liquid tears came trickling down,
Such wealthy drops may well suffice
To be the ransom of a Crown:
And as she wept, she sigh'd and said,
Alas for me unhappy Maid,
That by my folly, my folly am betray'd.

2. When

2. When firſt theſe eyes, unhappy eyes
Met with the Author of my wo,
Methoughts our ſouls did ſimpathize,
And it was death to ſay him no.
He ſu'd, *I granted*, O then befel
My ſhame, which I'm afraid to tell;
Ay me, that I had never lov'd ſo well.

3. O had I been ſo wiſe as not,
T'have yielded up my Virgin Fort,
My life had been without a blot,
And dar'd the envy of report:
But now my guilt hath made me be
A ſcorn for time to point at me,
As at the the Butt and Mark of miſery.

4. Here now in ſorrow do I ſit,
And penſive thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt:
My ſilly heart with cares is ſplit,
And grief denies me wonted reſt:
Come then black night and ſcreen me round,
That I may never more be found,
Unleſs in tears, in tears of ſorrow drown'd.

On men eſcap'd drowning in a Tempeſt.

1. ROck's, ſhelves and ſands, and all farewel:
Fie, who would dwell in ſuch a Hell
As is a ſhip; which drunk doth reel,
Taking ſa't healths from deck to keel.

2. Up we were ſwallowed in wet graves,
All ſous'd in waves, by Neptunes ſlaves:
What ſhall we do, being toſt to ſhore,
Milk ſome blind Tavern, and there roar.

3. 'Tis brave, my Boys, to ſail on land;
For being well man'd, we can cry, Stand:
The trade of purſing ne're ſhall fail,
Until the Hangman cryes, Strike ſail.

On a great heat in Egypt.

IFormerly in Countreys off have been
Under the Equinoctial: where I've ſeen
The Sun diſperſe ſuch a Prodious heat,
That made our ſieve-like skins to rain with ſweat:
Men would have given for an Eclipſe their lives,
Or one whiſper of ayr: yet each man ſtrives

To

To throw up graſs, feathers, nay, women too
To find the wind: All falls like Lead, none blew.
The Dog-ſtar ſpits new fires, till it come to paſs
Each man became his neighbours Burning-glaſs:
Lean mean did turn to aſhes preſently,
Fat men did roaſt to Lean-Anatomy;
Young womens heat did get themſelves with child,
For none but they themſelves, themſelves defil'd;
Old women naturally to Witches turn'd,
And onely rubbing one another, burn'd:
The Beaſts were bak'd, skin turn'd to cruſt they ſay,
And Fiſhes in the River boil'd away;
Birds in the Ayr were roaſted, not burn'd,
For as they fell down, all the way they turn'd.

On a great rain.

HEavens did not weep, but in its ſwelling eve
Whole Seas of Rheum and moiſt Catnars did lie;
Which ſo beſpawl'd the lower world, men ſee
Corn blaſted, and the fruit of every tree:
Air was condenc'd to water, 'gainſt their wiſh,
And all their Fowl were turn'd to flying Fiſh:
Like Watermen they throng'd to ply a fare,
And thought it had been Navigable ayr:

Beaſts loſt their natural motion of each limb,
Forgot to go, with practicing to ſwim.
A Trout now here, you would not think how ſoon
Tane ready dreſt for the Empreſs of the Moon:
The fixed Stars, though to our eyes were miſſing,
We knew yet were, by their continual hiſſing:
Women ſeem'd Maremaids, ſailing with the wind,
The greateſt miracle was fiſh behind:
But men were all kept ſhort againſt their wiſh,
And could commit but the cold ſin of fiſh.

The Blunt Lover.

MAdam, *I* cannot court your ſprightly eyes
With a Baſe-Viol plac'd betwixt my thighs:
I cannot liſp, nor to the Guittar ſing,
And tire my brains with ſimple Sonneting:
I am not faſhion'd for theſe Amorous times,
And cannot court you in Lacivious Rhimes:
Nor can I whine in puling Elegies,
And at your feet lie begging from your eyes
A gracious look: I cannot dance nor caper,
Nor daily, ſwear, proteſt, lye, rant, and vaper:
I cannot kiſs your hand play with your hair,
And tell you that you only are moſt fair.
I cannot croſs my arms, nor cry, Ay me
Poor forlorn man: All this is foppery:

Nor

Nor can I Maſquerade, as the faſhion's now,
No, no, My heart to theſe can never bow:
But what I can do, I ſhall tell you roundly,
Hark in you ear, by *Jove* I'le kiſs you ſoundly.

On a Watch loſt in a Tavern.

A Watch loſt in a Tavern, that's a crime,
Then ſee how men by drinking loſe their time,
The Watch kept time: If time will away,
I ſee no reaſon why the Watch ſhould ſtay.
You ſay the key hung out, and you forgot to lock it,
Time will not be kept priſ'ner in a pocket.
Henceforth if you will keep your Watch, this do,
Pocket your Watch, and watch your pocket too.

A Song with the Latin to it.

WHen as the Nightingale chanted her Veſper,
And the wild Foreſters couch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me in th' evenings whiſper
Unto a fragrant field with Roſes crown'd,
Where ſhe before had ſent, her wiſhes complement,
Which to her hearts content, plaid with me on the green;
Never *Mark Anthony* dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian Queen.

The

The Latin.

2. *Cantu Luscinia somnum irritat,*
Salvi vagi sunt in Cubilibus:
Hoc me silentio venus invitat
Ad viridarium fragrantius;
Ubi promiserat, qui mentum flexerat
Gaudia temperat sic mihi solida.
O non dux Amasius, fuit beatius
Cum Regina Neptica.

De vino & venere.

DOte neither on Women, or on Wine,
For to thy hurt they both alike incline:
Venus thy strength, and *Bacchus* with his sweet
And pleasant Grape debilitates the feet:
Blind Love will blab what he in secret did,
In giddy Wine there's nothing can be hid.
Seditious wars oft *Cupid* hath begun,
Bacchus to Arms makes men in fury run:
Venus (unjust) by horrid war lost *Troy*;
Bacchus by war the *Lappits* did destroy.
When thou with both or either art possest,
Shame, honesty and fear oft flies thy breast:

In

In fetters *Venus* keeps, in gyves *Bacchus* tye,
Leſt by their free-gifts they thee damnifie.
Uſe Wine for thirſt, *Venus* for lawful ſeed,
To paſs theſe limits, may thy danger breed.

On Wine.

HE that with Wine, Wine thinks t'expel,
One ill would with another quell:
A Trumpet, with a Trumpet drown:
Or with the Cryer of the Town
Still a loud man: Noiſe deaf with noiſe,
Or to convert a Bawd, make choice
Of a Pander: Pride with pride ſhame thus,
Or put a Cook down by *C l ſtratus*;
Diſcord by diſcord think to eaſe,
Or any man with ſcoffs appeaſe:
So War by Battel to reſtrain,
And labour mitigate by pain:
Command a ſudden peace between
Two ſhrill-Scolds in their height of ſpleen:
By drink to quench drink is all one,
As if by ſtrife, ſtrife to atone.

A SONG, *call'd, Hide Park.*

The tune,

Honor invites, you to delights,
Come to the Court and be all made Knights.

1. COme all you noble, you that are neat ones,
Hide Park is now both fresh and green:
Come all you Gallants, you that are great ones,
And are desirous to be seen:
Would you a Wife or Mistress rare,
Here are the best of *England* far:
Here you may chuse, also refuse,
As you your judgements please to use.

2. Come all you Courtiers in your neat fashions,
Rich in your new unpaid for silk:
Come you brave VVenches, and court your stations
Here in the bushes the Maids do milk:
Come then and revel, the Spring invites
Beauty and youth for your delights,
All that are fair, all that are rare,
You shall have licence to compare.

3 Here

3. Here the great Ladies all of the Land are,
Drawn with ſix horſes at the leaſt:
Here are all that of the *Strand* are,
And to be ſeen now at the beſt.
Weſtminſter-Hall, who is of the Court,
Unto this place doth now all reſort:
Both high and low, here you may know,
And do all come themſelves to ſhow.

4. The Merchants wives that keep their coaches,
Here in the Park do take the ayr:
They go abroad to avoid reproaches,
And hold themſelves as Ladies fair:
For whilſt their Husbands gone are to trade
Unto their ſhips by Sea or Land:
VVho will not ſay, why may not they
Trade, like their own husbands, in their own way.

5. Here from the Countrey come the Girls flying
For husbands, though of parts little worth:
They at th' *Exchange* have been buying
The laſt new faſhion that came forth:
And are deſirous to have it ſeen,
As if before it ne're had been:
So you may ſee all that may be
Had in the Town or Countrey.

6. Here

6. Here comes the Girls of the rich City,
Aldermens daughters fair and proud,
Their Jealous Mothers come t' invite ye,
For fear they should be lost i'th' croud:
Who for their breeding are taught to dance,
Their birth and fortune to advance:
And they will be as frolick and free,
As you your self expect to see.

To his coy Mistris.

1. COy one, I say, be gone,
My love-days now are done:
Were thy brow like Ivry free,
Yet 'tis more black than jet to me.

2. Might thy hairy tress compare
With *Daphne's* sporting with the air,
As it is worse fetter'd far,
Then the knotty tuffs of Mandrakes are.

3. Were there in thy squint-eyes found
True native sparks of Diamond;
As they are duller sure I am,
Then th' eye-lamps of a dying man.

4. Were

4. Were thy breath a Civic ſcent,
Or ſome purer Element;
As there's none profeſs thee love,
Can touch thy lips without a glove.

5. Were thy noſe of ſuch a ſhape,
As Nature could no better make;
As it is ſo skrew'd in,
It claims acquaintance with thy chin.

6. Were thy breaſts two riſing Mounts,
Thoſe ruby nipples milky Founts;
As theſe two ſo fairl move,
They'd make a Lover freeze for love.

7. Could thy pulſe affection beat,
Thy palm a balmy moiſture ſweat;
As thei active vigors gone,
Dry and cold as any ſtone.

8. Were thy arms, legs, feet and all,
That we with modeſty may call;
Nay, were they all of ſuch a grace,
As't might be ſtyl'd, Loves Amorous place.

9. As all theſe yield ſuch weak delight,
They'd fright a Bridegroom the firſt night:

And hold it a curse for to be sped
Of such a Fury in his bed.

10. Could thine high improved state,
Vye with the greatest Potentate:
As in all their store I find
Mole-hills to a noble mind.

11. Wert thou as rich in Beauties form,
As thou art held in Natures scorn:
I vow these should be none of mine,
Because they are entitl'd thine.

A Dialogue concerning hair, between a man and a woman.

M.

1. ASk me no more, why I do wear
My hair so far below my ear:
For the first man that ever was made,
Did never know the Barbers trade

W.

2. *Ask* me no more, where all the day
The foolish Owl doth make her stay:

'Tis

'Tis in your locks ; for tak't from me,
She thinks your hair an Ivy tree.

M.

3. Tell me no more, that length of hair
Can make the viſage ſeem leſs fair ;
For howſoe're my hair doth ſit,
I'm ſure that yours comes ſhort of it.

W.

4. Tell me no more, men wear long hair
To chaſe away the colder ayr ;
For by experience we may ſee,
Long hair will but a back friend be.

M.

5. Tell me no more, that long hair can
Argue deboiſtneſs in a man ;
For 'tis Religious being inclin'd,
To ſave the Temples from the wind.

W.

6. Ask me no more, why Roarers wear
Their hair extant below their ear ;

For having morgag'd all their Land,
They'd fain oblige the appearing band.

M.

7. Ask me no more, why hair may be
The expression of Gentility:
'Tis that which being largely grown,
Derives its Gentry from the Crown.

W.

8. Ask me no more, why grass being grown,
With greedy sickle is cut down
Till short and sweet: So ends my Song,
Lest that long hair should grow too long.

A Song.

1. THat Beauty I ador'd before,
I now as much despise:
'Tis money onely makes the Whore.
She that for love with her Crony lies,
Is chaste: But that's the Whore that kisses for prize.

2. Le

2. Let *Jove* with gold his *Diana* wooe,
It ſhall be no rule for me:
Nay, it may I may do ſo too,
When I am as old as he.
Till then I'le never hire the thing that's free.

3. If Coyn muſt your affection Imp,
Pray get ſome other Friend:
My pocket ne're ſhall be my pimp,
I never that intend,
Yet can be noble too if I ſee they mind.

4. Since loving was a liberal Art,
How canſt thou trade for gain:
The pleaſure is on your part,
'Tis we men take the pain:
And being ſo, muſt women have the gain.

5. No, no, I'le never farm your bed,
Nor your Smock-Tenant be:
I hate to rent your white and red,
You ſhall not let your love to me;
I court a Miſtris, not a Landlady.

6. A pox take him that firſt ſet up
The Exciſe of Fleſh and Skin.

And ſince it will no better be,
Let us both to kiſs begin,
To kiſs freely; if not, you may go ſpin.

The careleſs Swain.

1. IS ſhe gone, let her go, faith boys I care not,
I'le not ſue after her, I dare, I dare not.
Though ſhe as more land than I, by many acre,
I have plow'd in her ground, who will may take her,

2. She is a witty one, and ſhe is fair to,
She muſt have all the Land that ſhe is heir to:
But as for free land ſhe has not any.
For hers is *Limmas* ground, common to many.

3. Were it in ſeveral 'twere a great favour,
It might be an inriching to him that ſhall have her;
But hers is common ground, and without bounding,
You may graſe in her ground, and fear no pounding.

A Catch for three Voyces.

Iack, *Will* and *Tom* are ye come,
I think there is mirth in your faces:
How glad *I*'m to ſee ſuch Lads all agree
In tune, and time, and graces.

A Song.

1. *Cloris*, when I to thee preſent
The cauſe of all my diſcontent;
And ſhew that all the wealth that can
Flow from this little world of man,
Is nought but Conſtancy and Love,
Why will you other objects prove.

2. O do not cozen your deſires,
With common or Mechanick fires:
That picture which you ſee in gold,
In every ſhop is to be ſold,
And Diamonds of richeſt prize,
Men onely value with their eyes.

But look upon my loyal heart,
That knows to value every part:

And loves thy hidden vertue more
Then outward ſhape, which fools adore:
In that you'll all the treaſures find,
That can content a noble mind.

The forſaken Maid, a Song.

1. NOr Love, nor Fate, dare *I* accuſe,
For that my Love doth me refuſe:
But O mine own unworthineſs,
That durſt preſume ſo great a bliſs.
Too mickle 'twere for me to love,
A man ſo like the Gods above:
With an Angel-face, and Saint-like voyce,
'Tis too Divine for Humane choyce.

2. But had I wiſely given my heart,
For to have lov'd him but in part:
As onely to enjoy his face,
Or any one peculiar Grace:
As foot, or hand, or lip, or eye,
Then had I liv'd, where now I dye:
But I preſuming all to chuſe,
Am now condemned all to loſe.

3. You Rural Gods that guard the Swains,
And puniſh all unjuſt diſdains:

O

O do not cenſure him for this,
It was my error, and not his:
This onely boon of you I'le crave,
To fix theſe lines upon my grave:
Like *Icarus*, I ſoar'd too high,
For which offence I pine, I dye.

On a Preciſe Taylor.

A Taylor, a man of an upright dealing,
True, but for lying; honeſt but for ſtealing,
Did fall one day extremely ſick by chance,
And on a ſudden fell in a wondrous trance.
The Fiends of Hell muſt'ring in fearful manner,
Of ſundry colour'd ſilks diſplay'd a Banner
Which he had ſtoln; and wiſh'd, as they did tell,
That he might one day find it all in Hell.
The man affrighted at this Apparition,
Upon Recovery grew a great Preciſian.
He bought a Bible of the new Tranſlation,
And in his life he ſhew'd great Reformation:
He walk'd demurely, and he talked meekly,
He heard two Lectures, and two Sermons weekly:
He vow'd to ſhun all company unruly,
And in his ſpeech he us'd no Oath but Truly:
And zealouſly to help the Sabbaths reſt,
The meat for that day on the Eve was dreſt;

And leſt the cuſtom that he had to ſteal,
Might cauſe him ſometime to forget his zeal:
He gives his Journey-man a ſpecial charge,
That if the ſtuff allow'd fall out too large,
And to filch his fingers was inclin'd,
He then ſhould put the Banner in his mind.
This done, I ſcarce can tell the reſt for laughter,
A Captain of a ſhip came three days after,
And bought three yards of Velvet and three quarters
To make his Veſt ſo large to hang below his garters.
He that preciſely knew what was enough,
Soon ſlipt away a quarter of the ſtuff:
His man eſpying it, ſaid in deriſion,
Remember Maſter how you ſaw the Viſion.
Peace Fool, quoth he, I did not ſee one rag
Of ſuch like colour'd ſtuff within the Bag.

The Scotch Girls complaint for an Engliſhmans going away, when my Lord Monk *came for* England.

1. ILL tide this cruel peace that hath gain'd a War on me,
I never fancied Laddy till I ſaw mine Enemy:
O methoughts he was the blitheſt one,
That e're I ſet mine eyes upon:

Well

Well he might have fool'd a wiſer one,
As he did me:
He look'd ſo pretty, and talk'd ſo witty,
None could deny,
But needs muſt yield the Fort up,
Gude faith, and ſo did I.

2. Tantara, went the Trumpets, and ſtrait we were in Arms,
We dreaded no Invaſions, imbraces were our charms.
As we cloſe to one another ſet,
Did according to our Mothers wit,
But hardly now can ſmother it,
It will be known.
A lack and welly, ſick back and belly,
Never was Maid,
A Souldier is a coming, though young,
Makes me afraid.

3. To *England* bear this Sonnet, direct it unto none,
But to the brave *Monk* Hero's, both ſigh and ſinging moan:
Some there are perhaps will take my part,
At his boſom *Cupid* ſhake his dart,
That from me he ne're may part,
That is mine own:

O may'ſt thou never, wear Bow and Quiver,
Till I may ſee,
Once more the happy feature
Of my lov'd Enemy.

On Fairford *curious Church windows, who ſcap'd the War and the Puritan.*

TEll me you Anti-Saints, why glaſs
To you is longer liv'd than braſs:
And why the Saints have ſcap'd their falls
Better on windows than on walls:
Is it becauſe the Brothers fires
Maintain a Glaſs-houſe at *Black Fryers?*
Next, why the Church ſtands North and South,
And Eaſt and Weſt the Preachers mouth?
Or is't becauſe ſuch painted ware,
Reſembles ſomewhat what you are:
So pied, ſo ſeeming, ſo unſound
In Doctrine, and in manners found,
That out of Emblematick wit,
You ſpare your ſelves, in ſparing it?
If it be ſo, then *Fairford* boaſt,
Thy Church hath kept what all hath loſt:
It is preſerved from the bane
Of either War or Puritan:
Whoſe life is colour'd in thy paint,
Their inſide droſs, but outſide Saint.

The

The Souldiers praiſe of a Lowſe.

1. WIll you pleaſe to hear a new Ditty,
In praiſe of a ſix footed Creature:
She lives both in Countrey and City,
She's wondrous loving by nature.

2 She'll proffer her ſervice to any,
She'll ſtick cloſe but ſhe will prevail:
She is entertained by many,
Till death no Maſter ſhe'll fail.

3. Your rich men ſhe cannot endure,
Nor can ſhe your ſhifter abide:
But ſtill ſhe ſticks cloſe to the poor,
Though often they claw her hide.

4. The non-ſuited man ſhe'll woo him,
Or any good fellows that lack:
She will be as nigh a friend to him,
As the ſhirt that ſticks to his back.

5. Your neat Laundreſs ſhe perfectly hates,
And thoſe that do ſet her a work:
And ſtill in foul linen delights,
That ſhe in the ſeams on't may lurk.

6. Cor-

6. Corruption ſhe draws like a Horſe-leech,
Being big, ſhe grows a great breeder:
At night ſhe goes home to her cottage,
And in the day is a Devilliſh feeder.

7. To Commanders and Souldiers in purging,
I'm ſure her Receipts are good:
For ſhe ſaves them the charge of a Surgeon
In ſucking and letting of blood.

8. She'll venture in a Battel as far
As any Commander that goes:
She'll play *Jack* a both ſides in war,
And cares not a pin for her foes.

9. She's always ſhot-free in fight,
To kill her no ſword will prevail:
And if took priſoner by ſlight,
She's cruſh'd to death with a nail.

10. From her and her breed, *Jove* defend us,
For her company we have had ſtore:
Let her go to the Court and the Gentry,
And trouble poor Souldiers no more.

A Song.

1. METhought the other night,
I ſaw a pretty ſight
That mov'd me much,
A fair and comely Maid,
Not ſqueamiſh or afraid
To let me touch.
Our lips moſt ſweetly kiſſing
Each other, never miſſing:
Her ſmiling looks did ſhew content,
That ſhe did nought but what ſhe meant.

2. And as our lips did move,
The echo ſtill was, Love,
Love, love me ſweet.
Then with a Maiden bluſh,
Inſtead of crying puſh,
Our lips did meet:
With Muſick ſweet by ſounding,
And pleaſures all abounding,
We kept the burden of the Song,
Which was, *That Love ſhould take no wrong.*

A Song.

1. O My deareſt, I ſhall grieve thee
When I ſwear, yet Sweet believe me,
By thine eye that cryſtal book,
In which all crabbed old men look,
I ſware to thee though none abhor them,
Yet I do not love thee for them.

2. I do not love thee for that fair
Rich fan of thy moſt curious hair:
Though the wires thereof are drawn
Finer than the threds of Lawn,
And are ſofter than the ſleeves
Which the ſubtil Spinner weaves.

3. I do not love thee for thoſe flowers
Growing on thy cheeks, Loves bowers:
Though ſuch cunning them hath ſpread,
None can part their white and red:
Loves golden Arrows there are ſhot,
Yet for them I love thee not.

4. *I* do not love thee for thoſe ſoft
Red Corral lips I've kiſt ſo oft,

Nor

Nor teeth of Pearl, though double rear'd
To ſpeech, where Muſick ſtill is heard:
Though from thence a kiſs being taken,
Would Tyrants melt, and death awaken.

5. I do not love thee, O my Faireſt,
For that richeſt, for that rareſt
Silver pillar which ſtands under
Thy lovely head, that glaſs of wonder:
Though thy neck be whiter far,
Then Towers of polliſh'd Ivory are.

6. Nor do I love thee for thoſe Mountains
Hid with ſnow, whence Nectar Fountains
Sug'red ſweet, and Sirrup berry,
Muſt one day run through pipes of Cherry;
O how much thoſe breaſts do move me,
Yet for theſe I do not love thee.

7. I do not love thee for thy palm,
Though the dew thereof be balm:
Nor thy curious leg and foot,
Although it be a precious root,
Whereon this goodly Cedar grows,
Sweet I love thee not for thoſe.

8. Nor

8. Nor for thy wit ſo pure and quick,
Whoſe ſubſtance no Arithmetick
Can number down: Nor for the charms
Thou makſt with thy embracing arms;
Though in them one night to lie,
Deareſt I would gladly dye.

9. I love thee not for eyes nor hair,
Nor lips, nor teeth that are ſo rare:
Nor for thy neck, nor for thy breaſts,
Nor for thy belly, nor the reſt;
Nor for thy hand, nor foot, nor ſmall,
But wouldſt thou know, dear ſweet, for all.

An old Song on the Spaniſh Armado.

1. SOme years of late, in Eighty eight,
As I do well remember,
It was ſom ſay, nineteenth of *May*,
And ſome ſay in *September*,
And ſome ſay in September.

The Spaniſh train, lanch'd forth amain;
With many a fine bravado
There (as they thought) but it prov'd not,
Invincible Armado.
Invincible Armado.

3. There

3. There was a little man that dwelt in *Spain*,
Who ſhot well in a Gun a,
Don Pedro height, as black a wight
As the Knight of th' Sun a,
As the Knight of th' Sun a.

4. King *Philip* made him Admiral,
And bid him not to ſtay a,
But to deſtroy, both man and boy,
And ſo to come away a.
And ſo to come away a.

5. Their Navy was well victualled
With Biſket, Peaſe and Bacon,
They brought two ſhips, well fraught with whips,
But I think they were miſtaken,
But I think they were miſtaken.

6. Their men were young, Munition ſtrong,
And to do us more harm a,
They thought it meet, to joyn their Fleet,
All with the Prince of *Parma*,
All with the Prince of Parma.

7. They coaſted round about our Land,
And ſo came in by *Dover*:
But we had men, ſet on 'em then,
And threw the Raſcals over,
And threw the Raſcals over.

8. The Queen was then at *Tilbury*;
What could we more deſire a:
And Sir *Francis Drake*, for her ſweet ſake,
Did ſet them all on fire a,
Did ſet them all on fire a

9. Then ſtrait they fled by Sea and Land,
That one man kill'd threeſcore a:
And had not they, all ran away,
In truth he had kill'd more a.
In truth he had kill'd more a.

10. Then let them neither brag nor boaſt,
But if they come agen a,
Let them take heed, they do not ſpeed,
As they did you know when a,
As they did you know when a.

The Loyal Prisoner.

1. BEat on proud Billow, *Boreas* blow,
Swell curled waves high as *Joves* roof:
Your incivility shall show,
That Innocence is Tempest proof:
Though furious Nero's *frown, my thoughts are calm,*
Then strike affliction, for your wounds are balm.

2. That which the World miscals a Jail,
A private Closet is to me,
Whilst a good Conscience is my bail,
And Innocence my liberty:
Locks, Bars and Solitude together met,
Makes me no Pris'ner, but an Anchoret.

3. And whilst *I* wish to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd:
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
The Salamander should be burn'd:
Or like those Sophies which would drown a fish;
I am condemn'd to suffer what I wish.

4. The Cynick hugs her poverty,
The Pellican her Wilderness:
And 'tis the Indians pride to be
Naked on frozen *Caucasus*:
Con entment cannot smart, Sticks we see,
Makes torments ease to their Apathie.

5. I am in this Cabinet lock'd up,
Like some high prized *Margerete*:
Or like some great Mogul or Pope,
Am cloister'd up from publique sight:
Retir'dness is a piece of Majestie,
And thus proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee.

6. These Manicles about my arms,
Jas my Mistris Favours wear:
And for to keep my ancles warm,
I have some iron Shackles there:
These walls are but my Garrison, my Cell,
Which men call Jail, doth prove my Citadel.

7. So he that stroke at *Jasos* life,
Thinking to have made his purpose sure,
With a malicious friendly knife,
Was onely wounded to a cure.
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
Mischief, oft times proves favours by th' event.

8. What

8. What though I cannot ſee my King,
Neither in's his Perſon nor his Coyn:
Yet Contemplation is a thing
Which rendes what I have not mine.
My King from me what Adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

9. Have you not ſeen the Nightingale
A priſ'ner like, cop'd in a cage?
How ſhe doth chaunt her wonted tale,
In that her narrow Hermitage?
Even then her Mellody doth plainly prove,
That her boughs are trees, her cage a Grove.

10. I am that Bird whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty:
Although they ſee my Corps confin'd,
Yet maugre hate, my ſoul is free.
Although I'm mew'd, yet I can chirp and ſing,
Diſgrace to Rebels, Glory to my King.

On his first Love.

MY first Love, whom all beauty did adorn,
Firing my heart, suppress it with her scorn,
And since like Tinder in my breast it lies,
By every sparkle made a Sacrifice:
Each wanton eye, now kindles my desire,
And that is now to all, which was intire:
For now my wanton thoughts are not confin'd
Unto a Woman, but to woman kind:
This for her shape I love, that for her face,
This for her gesture, or some other grace:
And sometimes when I none of these can find,
I chuse them by the kernel, not the rind;
And so do hope, though my chief hope be gone,
To find in many, what I lost in one.
She is in fault which caus'd me first to stray,
Needs must he wander which hath lost his way:
Guiltless I am, she did this change provoke,
And made that Charcoal, which at first was Oak:
For as a Looking-glass to the Aspect,
Whilst it is whole, doth one face reflect;
But crack'd and broken in pieces, there are shown
Many false faces, where was first but one:
So love into my heart did first prefer
Her Image, and there planted none but her:

But

But when 'twas crack'd and Martyr by her ſcorn,
Many leſs faces in her ſeat were born:
Thus like to Tinder, I am prone to catch
Each falling ſparkle fit for any match.

On his Miſtris going to Sea.

FArewel, fair Saint, may not the ſeas and wind
Swell like the heart and eyes you left behind:
But calm and gentle, like the looks they bear,
Smile in your face, and whiſper in your ear:
Let no fowl billow offer to ariſe,
That it might nearer look upon your eyes;
Leſt wind and Waves enamour'd with ſuch form,
Should throng and crowd themſelves into a ſtorm.
But if it be your fate, vaſt Seas, to love,
Of my becalmed heart, learn how to move:
Move then but in a gentle Lovers pace,
No wrincles, nor no furrows in your face;
And you fierce winds, ſee that you tell your tale
In ſuch a breath as may but fill her ſail:
So while you court her each a ſeveral way,
You will her ſafely to her Port convey,
And loſe her in a noble way of wooing,
Whilſt both contribute to her own undoing.

On a Bluſh.

STay luſty blood, where wilt thou ſeek
So bleſt a place as in her cheek?
How canſt thou from that cheek retire,
Where vertue doth command deſire?
But if thou canſt not ſtay, then flow
Down to her panting paps below:
Flow like a Deluge from her breaſts,
Where *Venus* Swans have built their neſts:
And ſo take glory to beſtain
With Azure blew each ſwelling vein:
Then boiling, run through every part,
Till thou haſt warm'd her frozen heart:
And if from love it would retire,
Then Martyr it with gentle fire:
And having ſearch'd each ſecret place,
Fly thou back into her face:
Where live thou bleſt in changing thoſe
White Lilies to a ruddy Roſe.

In

In praiſe of a Mask.

THere is not half ſo warm a fire,
In fruition as deſire:
When we have got the fruit of pain,
Poſſeſſion makes us poor again.
Expected form and ſhape unknown,
Whets and makes ſharp temptation:
Senſe is too niggardly for bliſs,
And daily pay us with what is.
But ignorance doth give us all
That can within her brightneſs fall.
Veil therefore ſtill, whilſt I divine
The riches of that hidden Mine;
And make imagination tell
All wealth that can in beauty dwell.
Thus the highly valu'd Oar,
Earths dark Exchequer, keeps in ſtore:
And ſearch'd in ſecret, onely quits
The travel of the hands and wits
Who dares to ranſack all the hoards,
That Natures privy purſe affords.
Our eye the apprehenſious Thief,
Blinds our unlimitted belief.
When we ſee all, we nothing ſee,
Diſcloſure may prove Robbery.

For

For if you ſhine not faireſt being ſhown,
I pick a Cabinet for a *Briſtol* ſtone.

Excuſe for Abſence.

YOu'll ask perhaps, wherefore I ſtay,
Loving ſo much, ſo long away:
Do not think 'twas I did part,
It was my body, not my heart:
For, like a Compaſs, in your love,
One foot is fix'd that cannot move:
The other may follow the blind guide
Of giddy Fortune, but not ſlide
Beyond your ſervice; nor dares venture
To wander far from you the centre.

To his Mistris.

KEep on your Mask, and hide your eye;
For with beholding it I dye.
Your fatal Beauty, *Gorgon*-like,
Dead with astonishment doth strike;
Your piercing eyes, if them *I* see,
Are worse than *Basilisks* to me:
Shut from mine eyes those hills of snow,
Their melting valley do not show
Those Azure paths lead to despair.
O vex me not, forbear, forbear:
For whilst I thus in torment dwell,
The sight of Heaven is worse than Hell:
Your dainty voyce, and warbling breath,
Sound like a sentence past for death:
Your dangling Tresses are become
The instruments of final doom:
O if an Angel torture so,
When life is done, what shall I do?

To

To his Mistris.

I'Le tell you how the Rose did first grow red,
And whence the Lily whiteness borrowed:
You blush'd, and then the Rose with red was dight:
The Lily kist your hand, and so came white.
Before that time each Rose had but a stain,
The Lily nought but paleness did contain:
You have the native colour, those the dye,
They flourish onely in your eye.

Hic jacet John Shorthose,
Sine hose, *sine* shooes, *sine* breeches:
Qui fuit dum vixit, sine goods,
Sine lands, *sine riches.*

On his Mistris.

IS she not wondrous fair? O but I see
She is so much too sweet, too fair for me,
That I forget my flames, and every fire
Hith taught me not to love, but to admire:
Just like the Sun, methinks I see her face,
Which I should gaze on still, but not embrace;
For 'tis Heavens pleasure that she should be sent
As pure to Heaven agen, as she was lent
To us: And bid us as we hope for bliss,
Not to prophane her with a mortal kiss.
Then how cold grows my love, and I how hot?
O how I love her, how I love her not!
So doth my Ague-love torment by turns,
And now it freezeth, now again it burns.

A Sigh.

GO thou gentle Whispering wind,
Bear this sigh, and if you find
Where my cruel Fair doth rest,
Cast it in her snowy breast:

The

The sweet kisses thou shalt gain,
Will reward thee for thy pain:
Taste her lips, and then confess,
If *Arabia* doth possess,
Or the *Hybla* honor'd hill
Sweets, like those there distill
Having got so, with a fee
Do another boon for me:
Thou canst with thy powerful blast,
Heat a place, and cool as fast:
Then for pity either strive
Up the fire of love in her,
That alike both flames may shine,
Or else quite extinguish mine.

To a spruce and very finely deck'd Lady.

1. STill to be neat, still to be dress't,
As if you were going to a Feast:
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd,
Lady it is to be presum'd,
Though Arts hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

2. Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes ſimplicity a grace;
Robes largely flowing, hairs as free,
Such ſweet neglect more taketh me
Then all th' Adulteries of Art,
They pleaſe my eye, but not my heart.

The Good Fellows Song.

1. AS we went wandring all the night,
The Brewers Dog our brains did bite,
Our Head grew heavy, and our heels grew light,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

2. Our Hoſteſs then bid us pay her ſcore,
We call'd her Whore, and we paid her no more,
And we kick'd our Hoſteſs out of the door,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

3. And as we went wandring in the ſtreet,
We trod the kennels under our feet,
And fought with every poſt we did meet,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

4. The

4. The Constable then with his staff and band,
He bid, as if we were men to stand,
We told him he bid us do more than we can,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

5. Our Hostesses Cellar it is our bed,
Upon the barrels we lay our head,
The night is our own, for the Devil is dead,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

Upon Fasting.

THe poor man fasts, because he has no meat;
The sick man fasts, because he cannot eat;
The Usurer fasts, to encrease his store;
The Glutton fasts, 'cause he can eat no more;
The Hypocrite, because he'd be commended;
The Saints do fast, because they have offended.

One

ONe wiſh'd me to a Wife that's fair and young,
That hath French, Spaniſh, and Italian tongue:
I thank'd him, but yet I'le none of ſuch;
For I think one tongue for a Maid's too much:
What, love you not the Learned? Yes, as my life,
The Learned Scholar, but the unlearned Wife.

On a Lover that would not be belov'd again.

DIſdain me ſtill, that *I* may ever love;
For who his love enjoys, can love no more:
The War once paſt, with peace men cowards prove,
The ſhips return'd do rot upon the ſhore,
Then frown, though I ſay thou art moſt fair,
And ſtill I love thee, though I ſtill deſpair:

As heat to life, ſo is deſire to love,
For theſe once quench'd, both life and love are done:
Let not my ſighs and tears thy vertues move
Like baſeſt mettal, do not melt ſo ſoon,
Laugh at my woes, although I ever mourn,
Love Surfeits with rewards, his Nurſe is ſcorn.

A Rural Song.

1 COme Lads and Laſſes, each one that paſſes,
Dance a round on the ground
Whilſt green the graſs is.
For if you'll ever, with mirth endeavour
With heart and voyce, rejoyce,
Come now or never:
For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd,
In the Trap that was laid
For the poor ſilly Maid.

2. Now here, now yonder, with Gooſe and Gander,
With your Cocks, Hens and Cocks,
Safe may you wander:
Securely may you go, to the Market to and fro,
Jobs and *Joans* all arow,
And never fear the foe.
For he blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid
For the poor ſilly Maid.

3. Sweeteſt come hither, let us go thither,
Where we'll court, and there ſport
Freely together,

We'll

We'll enjoy kisses, with other blisses,
So come home, when we have done,
And none shall miss us.
For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid,
For the poor silly Maid.

4. Over yon Bower, *Jove* seems to lower,
As he meant to prevent,
Our happiest hour:
But the times treasure, giving us leisure
In spight of *Jove*, for to prove
Our chiefest pleasure.
For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid,
For the poor silly Maid.

A Scotch Song, called Gilderoy.

1. WAs ever grief so great as mine,
Then speak dear Bearn, I prethee,
That thus must leese my *Gilderoy*,
O my Benison gang with thee.

Good ſpeed be with you then Sir, ſhe ſaid,
For gone is all my joy:
And gone is he whom I love beſt,
My handſome *Gilderoy.*

2. In muckle joy we ſpent our time
Till we were both fifteen,
Then wantonly he ligg'd me down,
And amongſt the Brakes ſo green.
When he had done what man could do,
He roſe up and gang'd his way:
I gate my Goon, and I followed him,
My handſome *Gilderoy.*

3. Now *Gilderoy* was a bonny Boy,
Would needs to'th King be gone,
With his ſilken garters on his legs,
And the Roſes on his ſhoone:
But better he had ſtaid at home
With me his onely joy,
For on a Gallow tree they hung
My handſome *Gilderoy.*

4. When they had tane this Lad ſo ſtrong,
Gude Lord how ſore they bound him,
They carried him to *Edinburgh* Town,
And there God wot they hung him:

They

They knit him faſt above the reſt,
And I loſt my onely joy,
For evermere my Beniſon
Gang with my *Gilderoy.*

5. Wo worth the man that made thoſe Laws,
To hang a man for genee,
For neither ſtealing Ox nor Aſs,
Or bony Horſe or Meere:
Had not their Laws a bin ſo ſtrict,
I might have got my joy:
And ne're had need tull a wat my cheek
For my dear *Gilderoy.*

A Song to his Miſtris.

1. I Will not do a Sacrifice
To thy face, or to thy eyes:
Nor unto thy Lily palm,
Nor thy breath that wounding balm:
But the part to which my heart
In vows is ſeal'd,
Is that Mine of bliſs Divine
Which is conceal'd.

They

2. What's the Golden fruit to me,
If I may not pluck the Tree?
Bare enjoying all the rest,
'Tis but like a Golden Feast.
Which at need, can never feed
Our love sick wishes:
Let me eat substantial meat,
Not view the dishes.

The Advice.

PHillis for shame, let us improve
A thousand several ways,
These few short minutes stoln by love
From many tedious days.

Whilst you want courage to despise
The censure of the grave:
For all the Tyrants in your eyes,
Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride,
And never will submit
To let that Fop Discretion ride
In triumph over Wit.

False

alſe Friends *I* have as well as you,
That daily counſel me
Vain friv'lous trifles to purſue,
And leave off loving thee.

When I the leaſt belief beſtow
On what ſuch fools adviſe,
May I be dull enough to grow
Moſt miſerably wiſe.

A Viſion.

Beneath a Myrtle ſhade
Which *Jove* for none but happy Lovers made,
I ſlept, and straight my Love before me brought:
Pallas the object of my waking thought,
Undreſt ſhe came my flames to meet,
Whilſt Love ſtrew'd flowers beneath her feet:
Flowers that ſo preſs'd by her became more ſweet.

From the bright Viſions head,
A careleſs vail of Lawn was loosly ſpread:
From her white ſhoulders fell her ſhaded hair,
Like cloudy Sun-ſhine, nor too brown nor fair:
Her hands, her lips did love inſpire:
Her ev'ry part my heart did fire:
But moſt her eyes, that languiſh'd with deſire.

Ah charming fair, ſaid I,
How long will you my bliſs and yours deny?
By Nature and by *Jove* this loneſome ſhade,
Was for revenge or ſuffe'ring Lovers made:
Silence and ſhades with love agree,
Both ſhelter you, and favour me:
You cannot bluſh, becauſe I cannot ſee.

No, let me dye, ſhe ſaid,
Rather then loſe the ſpotleſs name of Maid:
Faintly ſhe ſpoke methought, for all the while
She bid me not believe her with a ſmile.
Then dy, ſaid *I*, ſhe ſtill deny'd:
And is it thus, thus, thus, ſhe cry'd.
You uſe a harmleſs Maid? And ſo ſhe dy'd.

I wak'd, and ſtraight I knew
I lov'd ſo well, it made my dream prove true.
Fancy the kinder Miſtris of the two,
Fancy had done what *Phillis* would not do.
A cruel Nymph, ceaſe your diſdain,
While I can dream your ſcorn in vain:
Aſleep or waking you muſt eaſe my pain.

The Batchelors Song.

Like a Dog with a bottle faſt ty'd to his tail,
Like a Vermin a Trap, or a Thief in a Jail,
Like a Tory in a Bog,
Or an Ape with a Clog:
Even ſuch is the man, who when he may go free,
Does his liberty loſe,
In a Marrimony nooſe:
And ſells himſelf into Captivity.

The Dog he doth howl, when the bottle doth jog;
The Vermin, the Thief, and the Tory in vain,
Oh the Trap, of the Jail, of the Quagmire complain:
But well fare poor Pug,
For he plays with his clog:
And though he would be rid on't rather then his life,
Yet he hugs and tugs it as a man does his wife.

Upon

Upon His Majesties Picture drawn by a fair Lady.

YOur hand with Nature at a noble strife,
Hath paid our Soveraign a great share of life
Strange fate! that *Charls* did ne're more firmly stand,
Then when twice rescued by a Female hand:
Fair Voucher of the Royal head, which we owe
Though first to Madam *Lane*, yet next to you:
But here your glory much doth hers outvie,
She us'd disguise, you use discovery:
And sure there's not so much of Honor shown
To save by hiding, as by making known;
Yet hence for you the odds do higher lie,
She saved from death, you from Mortality;
Who in despight of fate can give reprieve,
And in this deathless Image make him live.
Warwicks great worth must quit the leaves of fame,
There never was a make King till you came.
Had *Sheba's* Queen known thus, she need not rome,
She had seen the Learned Monarch nearer home:
O how *Vandike* would fret himself by you,
Baffled at once in th' Art and Object too
Nature her self amaz'd, doth scarce yet know
For certain, whether she drew both or you:
And we seeing so much life in th' Image shown,
Fear lest it speak, and lay a claim to th' Crown.

And

And the Vulgar apt to a more groſs miſtake,
Should *Charles* but for his his Pictures picture take.
Who knows what harm might from your pencil come
If Painting had not been an Art that's dumb.
Worſters ſtrict ſearch had ceas'd, did *Cromwel* know
How much of *Charles* your hand could to him ſhew;
And the great Rebel would contented be
To have murthered him in this Effigie:
Wherein he doth ſo much himſelf appear,
I'm in th' preſence whilſt I ſpy him here.
His Crown he may from others hands receive,
But onely you *Charles* to himſelf could give.
To be thus lively drawn, is th' onely thing
Could almoſt make me wiſh my ſelf a King.

Go on fair hand, and by a Nobler Art,
Make *Charles* a Prince compleat in every part:
And to the World this rare example ſhow,
You can make Kings, and get them Subjects too.

A CATALOGUE OF THE SONGS and POEMS.

1. THe firſt Song at the Maſque at Court.
2. The ſecond Song at the Maſque at Court.
3. How hard is an heart to be cured.
4. Clora Let my paſſion ever.
5. A wife do I hate
6. Were thou but half ſo wiſe as thou art fair.
7. Alas What ſhall I do.
8. Silvia tell me how long it will be: with the Anſwer and the Reply.
9. Where ever I am, and what ever I do.
10. Poor Celia once was very fair.
11. World thou art ſo wicked grown.
12. Hold, hold, and no further advance.

13. Seek

13. *Seek not to know a woman.*
15. *How unhappy a Lover am I.*
16. *O ye power Gods, if I muſt be.*
17. *Come live with me and be.*
18. *How ſevere is forgetful old age.*
19. *Never perſwade me to't, I vow*
20. *Farewel, farewel, fond Girl.*
21. *Love fare thee well.*
22. *Many declare what torments there are.*
23. Phillis *for ſhame let us improve.*
24. *My love is full of noble pride.*
25. *Bright* Celia *know, 'twas not thine eyes.*
26. *All the flatteries of fate.*
27. *Love that is skrewed a pitch too high.*
28. *Burn and conſume wretched heart.*
29. *O fain would I before I dye.*
30. *That all our life long.*
31. *On the bank of a Brook.*
32. *Cellamina of my heart.*
33. *Beneath a myrtle ſhade.*
34. *The diſconſolate Lover.*
35. *The ſubtile and coy Girl.*
36. *The drawing of Valentines.*
37. *The furious Scold ſerv'd in her kind.*
38. *On the five Declenſions, a Song.*
39. *On the three degrees of Compariſon, A Song.*

40. *The kind Husband, but Imperious wife.*
41. *Make ready fair Lady.*
42. *My name is honeſt* Harry.
43. *I ſaw a Peacock with a fiery tail.*
44. *My wiſhes greet the Engliſh Fleet.*
45. *I'le tell you true whether doth ſtray.*
46. *A Dialogue between* William *and* Harry.
47. *You mirror beauties of the night.*
48. *The deſcription of the Spring.*
49. *Stay Shepherd, prethee Shepherd ſtay.*
50. *The Souldiers Reſolution.*
51. *On the Golden Croſs in* Cheapſide.
52. *A pretender to Gentility ſuſpected for a Theef.*
53. *A libel and Countrey Laſs.*
54. *If love be life, I long to die,*
55. *I ſerve* Aminta *whiter than the ſnow.*
56. *The deſcription of Love, in a Dialogue*
57. *A Song called, Loves Lottery.*
58. *Poor* Cloris *wept, and from her eyes,*
59. *On men ſcap'd drowning in a tempeſt.*
60. *Of the great heat in* Egypt.
61. *Of a mighty rain.*
62. *The Blunt Lover.*
63. *A Watch loſt in a Tavern.*
64. *A Song with the Lute to it.*
65. De vino & venere.

66. *On wine.*
67. *A Song, called Hide Park.*
68. *To his coy Mistris.*
69. *A Dialogue concerning hair,*
7 . *That Beauty I ador'd before.*
70. *A Catch for three voyces.*
71. Cloris *when I to thee present.*
72. *The forsaken Maid.*
73. *On a precise Taylor.*
74. *The Scotish Girls complaint.*
75. *On* Fairfor *Church Windows.*
76. *The Loyal Prisoner.*
77. *On his first Love.*
78. *On his Mistris going to sea.*
79. *On a blush.*
80. *In praise of a Mask.*
81. *Excuse for absence.*
82. *To his Mistris.*
83. *Hic jacet* John Shorthose.
84. *Another on his Mistris.*
85. *A Sigh.*
86. *A Spruce and very finely deckt Lo .*
87. *The Good Fellows Song.*
88. *Upon Fasting.*
89. *One wisht me to a nise.*
90. *On a Lover that would not be lov'd again.*

6 *On*

92. *A Rural Song.*
93. *A Scotch Song, called* Gilderoy.
94. *A Song to his Mistris.*
95. *The Advice.*
96. *A Vision.*
97. *The Bachelors Song.*
98. *Upon His Majesties Picture, drawn by a fair Lady.*

FINIS.